

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3737. Vol. 143.

11 June 1927

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

ONE of the most difficult problems in International Law, and one which the League of Nations failed to solve after the massacre of the Italian delegation in Albania which led to the Corfu dispute, is the responsibility of a Government for political crimes committed within its territories. But, despite one or two awkward precedents, there can be no excuse for the harsh terms used in M. Litvinov's note to Poland dealing with the assassination at Warsaw station of the Russian envoy to Poland, M. Voikov. Adequate regrets were expressed immediately after the attack on M. Voikov and there is no reason to believe that the Polish authorities omitted to take what precautions were possible to defend the Soviet envoy. Indeed, it will be remembered that when the Russians came to Geneva to the International Economic Conference the fact that special steps were taken by

the Swiss to protect them led to their threat to return to Moscow. Unless Soviet leaders propose to make the Voikov murder the excuse for their attack on Poland which we have already predicted, the matter should be allowed to drop.

A well-known diplomat, who felt that too much was made of the spirit of Locarno, once declared that the discussions there reminded him of the discussions of two Jews haggling over a stolen overcoat. The analogy was neither kind nor just at the time, but now the name of Locarno is cited to excuse any amount of unpleasant bargaining. Germany feels that by accepting the Dawes report and by carrying out the disarmament conditions of the Versailles Treaty sufficiently thoroughly to be admitted to the League of Nations, she has earned that early evacuation of the Rhineland referred to in Article 431 of the Treaty. The French, wishing to make a bargain, have made the evacuation dependent upon some fresh guar-

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antee of the integrity of Poland. The Germans in their turn will agree to inter-Allied inspection of their Eastern fortresses, providing the number of troops of occupation in the West is halved. Both parties refer to the conciliatory spirit of Locarno, but since each expects the other to give all the proofs of conciliation, next week's meeting in Geneva between the British, French, German and Polish foreign ministers will be perhaps polite but certainly not friendly.

Polling in the Free State takes place as we go to press, but owing to the working of the proportional representation system the final results can hardly be available for a week. What they will indicate it is difficult to guess, for the situation, with seven parties and no fewer than fifty-seven independent candidates, is of unexampled complexity. Supporters of the Government are buoyed up by the thought that, under the calmer conditions of the present, thousands of its adherents who were terrorized into abstention in 1923 will take heart to vote now. On the main issue, the Treaty, the Government is certainly entitled to expect strong support: dread of a return to the murderous confusion of a few years ago should deter many who on minor questions are hostile to the Government. Mr. De Valera has used his mysteriously acquired funds, which seem greatly in excess of those he openly raised in America, in the most lavish manner. If money, applied to propaganda, can bring victory, it should be his. But on the whole Mr. Cosgrave's prospects are good.

There can be little doubt of the nature of Lord Lansdowne's claim to be remembered as a statesman. He filled many great offices with dignity, with devotion to his task, but in one only did he make a permanent mark on history. The Foreign Secretary who concluded the Anglo-French *entente* and the Anglo-Japanese treaty will be recalled when the Viceroy and the hesitant Secretary of State for War are forgotten. But it is fair to remember that as leader of the Lords he often showed shrewdness in discriminating between Bills that might be assailed, without bringing on the battle between the two Houses, and Bills that might not. His notorious letter during the war need not now be taken very seriously; it was the utterance of a man who no longer had vitality enough to conceive of a fortunate issue from the struggle.

The arrival in London of a small deputation from the Ruling Princes of India to discuss informally the rights of those Princes, indicates the beginning of a movement, repeatedly predicted by us, which the framers of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme never foresaw. Nothing startling will issue from the present limited discussion, which follows on a series of conferences held by the Princes and some conversations between them and the Viceroy. But eventually, and before 1929, when the Indian Constitution is to be revised, the discussion will broaden into one regarding the whole position of the Native States in an India with Dominion self-government. The Native States cannot be isolated, either geographically or administratively. They have to come to terms

with a Government of India that will be in composition and in ideals very different from that with which they have dealt in the past. Incidentally, instead of dealing with the Viceroy, they will have to deal with a Foreign Minister who may be an Indian and will be carrying out the policy of a quasi-popularly constituted body. The problem is one of great delicacy, the more so since the Princes remember that only by the recent exercise of the Viceroy's power of certification were they enabled to secure protection from the campaigns against them conducted by libellous papers from British India. They feel that Nationalist India on the whole has little consideration for them.

As usual, the important discussions in Geneva will take place not in the Council Chamber but in the secrecy of carefully guarded hotel sitting-rooms. The actual session of the Council is merely an excuse which enables foreign ministers to meet without giving rise to too much comment. There are upwards of forty items on the Council agenda, including many, such as the Danzig Loan, the Estonian Loan, the dispute between Hungary and Rumania over the Hungarian optants in Transylvania, and the dispute between Germany and Lithuania over Memel, which make up in importance what they lack in sensation. The number of items referring to Danzig shows that the Poles and Germans have not yet reconciled themselves to the Peace Treaty provisions governing the existence of the Free City of Danzig. In the Saar, on the other hand, where the provisions of the Peace Treaty are even more complicated, the influence of big business is on the side of tranquillity, and what might have been an awkward dispute as to the Presidency of the Saar Governing Commission has happily been avoided. The French wanted the Czech member of the Commission to be made the new President, whereas the Germans supported the Saar member. By a sensible compromise, an Englishman, Sir Ernest Wilton, has been selected to replace Major G. W. Stephens, the retiring President.

The unexpected decision of Yugoslavia to break off diplomatic relations with Albania because the Albanians arrested the Dragoman of the Yugoslav legation is unwelcome evidence of the nervousness aroused in Balkan minds by the Tirana Treaty, and still more by the declaration of the Ambassadors' Conference, in 1921, recognizing Italy's special rights to protect Albanian integrity. Whether the Dragoman is or is not an Albanian subject is a matter of small import, and it should not be allowed to blind one to the wider problem of Albania's future. There seems to be little doubt that in this particular case Belgrade acted with quite unnecessary brutality—with the result that France is extremely anxious for the whole matter to be hushed up, and Italy, feeling that Albania has a good case, has urged Ahmed Zogu to place all the details before the League of Nations. This does not mean that the Council will necessarily deal with the dispute, since no definite appeal is made to the League under Article 11 of the Covenant. But it does mean that Rome, remembering how London, Paris and Tokyo have promised that Italy shall have the task of protecting Albania, feels that if Yugoslavia chooses to appeal to

Geneva she will be repulsed. The Tirana Treaty is a danger not only to Yugoslavia but to the rest of Europe. If the Yugoslavs want their treaty to be modified, they must show far greater patience than they have done in the present instance.

The commentator on Chinese affairs is deserving of sympathy, for as soon as he has worked out the prospects of the contending armies to his own satisfaction, up springs some new war lord to upset his and everybody else's calculations. Yen Hsi-shan has for so long been called "the model Tuchun of Shansi" that nobody was prepared for his sudden appearance as a new Nationalist candidate for Peking. Thus four generals, each claiming to be a Nationalist, are now competing for the capital, and the only leader who is willing to renounce all claims to it is the man who at present occupies it, Chang Tso-lin. This Mukden war lord is now so thoroughly frightened that he will deem himself lucky if his present negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek and Yen Hsi-shan enable him to remain in power north of the Great Wall. We have now to see whether the Bolshevik troops of Hankow and Feng Yu-Hsiang or the moderate Nationalists of Chiang Kai-shek and Yen Hsi-shan will win the race to Peking and the wealth its possession implies.

The Atlantic has been flown again, this time by Messrs. Chamberlin and Levine, who have, moreover, succeeded in breaking the world's long-distance non-stop "record" recently made by Captain (now Colonel) Lindbergh. These airmen took off from New York on Saturday morning, and some forty-four hours later landed in Germany, 100 miles from Berlin. Being second-comers, they are unlikely, on their projected tour of the European capitals, to get a reception on the scale accorded by the populace to their forerunner, and whether they will be gainers or losers on that account we will not attempt to judge. They are entitled to great credit for a fine and courageous achievement: how hazardous it was and how nearly it came to disaster are made clear from the airmen's own account of the flight given to the correspondent of *The Times*. Other Atlantic flights are now in course of preparation; they bid fair to become as frequent this summer as Channel swimmers were last. Newspapers on the look-out for "records" need not yet despair. The Ocean has yet to be flown by a mother.

An important section of the American public is deeply stirred by the news that the two United States airmen, the moment they landed on German soil, clamoured for glasses of beer. At any rate, Mrs. Ella Boole says she is pained, and her following mourns with her. Let them take heart, however. Whatever refreshment may be taken at the end of a flight from America, at the end of the return voyage it will be impossible for the adventurers to obtain beer. They will have to content themselves with wood alcohol, or else with the products of the soda fountains. It may be lamentable that men who fly across the Atlantic should take beer at all; but one glass each for every two flights is, all things considered, a modest allowance, too modest, indeed, to attract men to flying. There seems to be no serious risk

of transatlantic flying becoming the pet vice of thirsty citizens.

There are two objections to the Midland Bank's enterprise in endeavouring to introduce unstamped cheques for amounts of less than £2. One is that a vile new word, "chequelets," has promptly been added to the English language. For this the Bank is in no way responsible: it calls the unstamped cheques "receipt form cheques." But, in its desire to relieve a quite real hardship, it proposes to deprive the Exchequer of a fairly considerable revenue, and it is difficult for the Chancellor to look with a friendly eye on any scheme which diminishes the yield from cheque stamps and will also affect the poundage from postal orders. That the public should welcome the Bank's scheme is natural. The question is whether the Exchequer can afford to be generous. But whatever his decision now, the scheme, having once been put forward, will eventually come into force. It is too rich in promise of convenience for the average citizen to be forgotten.

Time presses in the matter of the Adelphi. Unless within the next week there comes forward some man of wealth and public spirit, willing to purchase the freehold of the main site, and of the few houses in Adam Street which are offered separately, and prepared to subject the future of the Adelphi to the veto of some disinterested body, London will almost certainly lose one of its most delightful ornaments. We therefore appeal earnestly to our readers to use their influence in every likely quarter, with a view to such a settlement of the future of the Adelphi. As we have remarked before, we are not inviting our hypothetical man of wealth to sacrifice profit on his purchase. Let him by all means demand the best rents he can get as tenancies are renewed. Let him only create a trust whereby no portion of the Adelphi shall be destroyed, by future possessors, without the sanction of a disinterested body. We know that there is a scheme whereby the present tenants, in the improbable event of adequate funds being raised, are to purchase each the freehold of their present premises, but it offers no such guarantee of the future as is needed.

The fuss that is being made over the award of the Newdigate to a woman is absurd. Won by a woman! Why not? The number of women writing good or tolerable verse to-day is not smaller than the number of men, and there are enough women at Oxford to ensure representation of all the talents and accomplishments possessed by women. The "stunting" of a woman's success in the Newdigate, silly as it is, deserves notice, however, as one more proof that the special attention given in many journalistic quarters to "women's interests" is inspired not by respect but by a thick-headed desire to patronize women. Signs that this is so abound in the popular Press. We should not be in the least surprised to find in one of the Sunday papers a huge caption, "Woman Shows Intelligence." For ourselves, we hold to the belief that women with minds are interested in the same subjects as men with minds.

BACK TO LOCARNO

SINCE the signature of the Peace Treaty no development in foreign affairs has aroused so much interest and enthusiasm in this country as the drafting of the Locarno Agreement and the subsequent admission of Germany to the League of Nations. It was widely believed that as the result of the trip on the Lake in a motor-boat called the *Orange Blossom* M. Briand and Herr Stresemann would live happily ever afterwards under the benevolent supervision of Sir Austen Chamberlain and Signor Mussolini. The agreement would also mean that nobody would dare to disturb the peace anywhere else in Europe and that the formation of a Russo-German block was no longer a possibility.

It may be remembered that this REVIEW, while sharing the general desire for peace which found partial expression at Locarno, was unable to share the general conviction that peace had been assured. We urged our readers to remember that words cannot always be transmuted into deeds. But we may confess we never anticipated that less than two years after the meeting at the little Swiss resort there would occur in the space of a week two events grave enough to make European war once more a possibility.

The breach between Yugoslavia and Albania and the threatening note sent by Russia to Poland in connexion with the Voikov murder are but two of many indications that Locarno has not brought peace and tranquillity. And an impartial examining of the present-day policies shows that the British Government must shoulder part of the responsibility for this general atmosphere of unrest and suspicion. The Foreign Secretary's influence at Locarno was due in part to the fact that he was called upon to act as mediator between two Powers who, for the first time since the Armistice, were anxious to agree. We believe that his intentions have not changed in the last eighteen months, but his influence has been sadly diminished, for Europe no longer looks upon Great Britain as an impartial mediator but as a partisan. Formerly the strength of the Foreign Office lay in the fact that it had no axe to grind; now it is the centre of a confusing network of promises and half-promises which is unpleasantly reminiscent of the *Quai d'Orsay* at the period of France's ill-advised efforts to keep Germany in permanent subjection.

Of the Italo-Albanian Treaty we have written on previous occasions. The failure to realize its political importance, when it was mentioned casually to Sir Austen Chamberlain at Leghorn, should have been remedied by an insistence that it should be discussed by the League of Nations when Italy recently notified the Great Powers that Yugoslavia was preparing an invasion of Albania.

The question of Russia is much more grave even than that of the Balkans. There is no doubt that Bolshevik propagandists are doing everything they can to make the expulsion of the diplomatic mission an excuse for war. It is essential that we should not allow ourselves to be looked upon as the leaders of an anti-Russian block. We might per-

suade Italy, and possibly even France, to break with Moscow, but we should only do so at a price which would be far too high. If anything is to remain of the Locarno agreement, we cannot offend Germany by acceding to the claims of France, and we cannot offend France by supporting the policy of Italy. Already very many Germans are convinced that we are with M. Poincaré and against Herr Stresemann in the discussions on the evacuation of the Rhineland, and unless the German foreign minister can obtain some satisfaction at Geneva next week, he may be overthrown on his return to Berlin, and his place taken by a Nationalist of the Count Westarp type, who will hasten to conclude with Russia that very agreement which the Locarno Conference was intended to prevent.

There is a sound tradition, which, in company with many other traditions, certain members of the Labour Party seek to destroy, that the conduct of foreign affairs should be kept outside the sphere of party politics. It is this tradition which has led us to write thus of Sir Austen Chamberlain's foreign policy. Were party politics involved, we could refer not only to the Locarno discussions, which won unstinting praise of all parties, but also to British policy in China, where the Foreign Office, despite disgraceful misrepresentation by the extreme Left, has shown a moderation which has destroyed the dangerous anti-British feeling in China, and has won for us the respect of all the world. The British public has an instinctive dislike of the intrigues and attachments of old diplomacy. Our very existence depends upon the maintenance, if not of friendship, at least of ordinary business relations with all countries. We want no secret promises to one Power, no covert hostility to another. When Sir Austen Chamberlain shows the statesmanlike qualities he showed at Locarno and in the Chinese affair he has the warm support of every Englishman. But when he allows his friends to lure him from the path of open and honest diplomacy, when he tries to play Paris, Berlin, Rome and Moscow off against each other, he runs the risk of involving this country in quarrels which are not rightly its concern and of dividing Europe into dangerously hostile camps.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

OPINIONS among our readers may differ on the wisdom of opening our columns to the highly controversial correspondence which has been running for the past six weeks. We confess that we have found it distasteful. Not only to communicating Christians, but to any man of taste and feeling there must always be a suggestion of immodesty in discussing matters so high and intimate in a public print such as this REVIEW. Especially when, as in this particular case, the issues are too remote and technical for comprehension by the lay mind. But we would not risk the charge of partiality by refusing to print the first communication—the crusading letter by “A Protestant Layman”—and we were then bound to admit the other side. The correspondence has now run its course. Reading over the letters we have published we are left with a certain sense of bewilderment

—not only at the inconclusiveness of the whole debate, which was probably inevitable, but also (if we may be allowed to say so) at the mental confusion revealed by some of their authors. Thus, one of our correspondents informs us that the Greek Church differs from the Roman "in the absence of the *Filioque*, also in the absence of . . . the Real Presence in the Eucharist." He apparently thinks that the Real Presence—which is certainly *not* absent from the Greek Church, as the whole structure of its rite makes clear—is the same as the dogma of Transubstantiation. Just so it is common to find lay controversialists who confuse the doctrine of the Virgin-birth with the dogma promulgated by Pío Nono—the "immaculate conception" of Our Lady. And how loosely words are used in the whole discussion is shown by another writer's assertion that "it is from Cranmer's Ordinal that the present [i.e., present-day] Anglo-Catholic priest claims the authority to transubstantiate." We doubt if any Anglo-Catholic priest has ever claimed such authority: in any case, all that is given in the Ordinal of 1549 is authority to celebrate, without definition of what that involves ("to preach the word of god and to minister the holy Sacraments in thys congregacioun") and we do not know what else can be meant. For the formula remained constant after the Elizabethan articles had expressly condemned Transubstantiation; and no one can possibly find in the mind of Cranmer endorsement for that particular Roman theory. His whole nature was in revolt against it. It has been the wisdom of the Church of England to attempt no formulated definition of the sacramental Presence. Its nearest approach has been to assert that whatever views or theories may be true, the Roman theory is definitely false. It is quite certain that none of the Anglican bishops either believes in Transubstantiation or desires to "impose" it on "reluctant congregations."

The fact is that Transubstantiation is to-day really a dead issue. Many Roman apologists ignore it. It depends upon a defunct philosophy which is meaningless to the thought of our day. We cannot agree that there is such a thing as Substance distinguishable from its Accidents. It may, indeed, prove to be possible, as the Bishop of Manchester has attempted recently, to restate the whole conception in terms of the philosophy of value, so that we should speak of *Transvaluation*—which certainly does correspond with real experience. But the Tridentine formula, as stated, is not worth excited controversy. It is a monument of Scholasticism—the last achievement of an age which could solemnly debate how many angels can stand on the point of a needle or (less remote, perhaps, from concrete problems) *utrum archidiaconus salvus fieri possit!*

The real question, we are inclined to think, which concerns our contributors from the "Protestant" side is whether the revised Prayer Book is moving in a Romish direction. The Roman complex is to certain Englishmen akin to some pathological fixation. "Heaven save dear old England," as one of the letters exclaims with a fine irrelevance, "from becoming a priest-ridden country! Remember Italy and Spain." On the other hand Mr. Carson Chapman, if we understand his communications rightly, is con-

cerned to insist that "high" sacramental doctrine—the recognition of a Real Presence "given, taken and received"—has always been held in the Church of England and that it is primitive and scriptural. Both sections among our correspondents can, we are perfectly sure, enjoy their sleep:

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescunt.

Whatever may be its defects or its qualities the revised Prayer Book is certainly not "Roman." It will hardly be contended seriously that a canon which is in general form assimilated not only to that of the Scottish Episcopal Church and the Anglican Church in South Africa but also to that of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, draws its inspiration from the Vatican or from medieval theories of the Eucharist. The existing Prayer of Consecration (which, by a strange historical irony, comes from the Book of 1552) might, indeed, lie open to that charge. The suggestion that it is the repetition of the original words of institution which effects the change in the Elements might fairly be charged from the Protestant side with bordering dangerously on "medievalism." But the restoration of the historic canon corrects any possible false emphasis, and in accordance with the ancient models conceives the consecration as being effected by thanksgiving and oblation, the commemoration of the Passion and the recital of the "dominical" words. Moreover, the much-debated Epiclesis, inserted now from the Eastern rite, rules out any possibility of "magic." "With thy holy and life-giving Spirit vouchsafe to bless and sanctify both us and these thy gifts of Bread and Wine, that they may be unto us the Body and Blood of thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ."

There has always been room in the Church of England for a receptionist interpretation of the Sacramental Presence, and there is no less room with the revised form. Indeed, we can understand the difficulty felt by some of the Anglo-Catholic school on the break with some traditional western theories which the Epiclesis seems to involve. But to stigmatize the alternative form as "Roman" can only be described as nonsensical. On the other hand, as Anglo-Catholic Bishops have been at pains to insist in their utterances, the revised Book recognizes far more generously than the mutilated form of '52 the historic, "Catholic" position which the Church of England has always rightly claimed. It legalizes, as has been pointed out, all the legitimate practices and doctrines which the Anglo-Catholic clergy have established, and historic English theology endorses, while definitely repudiating the false accretions of Latin medievalism, and without putting strains on the evangelical conscience.

We make bold, in conclusion, to refer our readers to the Bishop of Durham's brilliant article in the current *Edinburgh Review*. We believe that the Bishops' contentions are perfectly true, that they contemplate no change in the balance of the doctrinal position of Anglicanism. The Church of England will stand where it always stood, as a Church at once "Reformed" and "Catholic." And with that we must leave this rather unhappy controversy.

WHO LOST JUTLAND?

By A. H. POLLEN

AT about six o'clock in the evening of May 31, 1916, the British and German Fleets met for the first and only time in the North Sea. The disproportion in strength was enormous. In battleships the ratio was twenty-eight to sixteen. In tonnage and legend gun power, the differences were far greater still. The fleets were within a few miles of each other from six o'clock until darkness, which fell at nine. While daylight lasted, the Grand Fleet had two opportunities for making and pressing home an attack. On each occasion the Commander-in-Chief decided that the torpedo menace was prohibitive, and though "Complete victory was necessary for the safety of the Empire"—to quote his own words—his ships could not be jeopardized, even if there was no other way to the essential thing. There was thus no battle on May 31, if by "battle" we mean an encounter in which at least one side makes a determined effort to destroy the other. At nine, the two divisions of the British Fleet, knowing where the Germans were, started South to get between them and their harbours, and the destroyers were placed a few miles astern, as a screen against torpedo attack. They had hardly got into position, when there began a series of encounters with the on-coming Germans. The first was at 9.40, and the succession continued for four hours, one flare-up after another, all plainly visible to the Battle Fleet, occurring first to the East, then to the North, and finally to the West of its course. While this was going on, that is, at 11 p.m., the Commander-in-Chief learned from Whitehall that Scheer was actually returning SSE $\frac{1}{2}$ E—a course that exactly coincided with these successive indications that someone was forcing a lane through the British light craft. But neither the indications nor the signal were so read by the Commander-in-Chief. The enemy, facing at night and at short range all the hazards we had flinched from by daylight and at long range, got the due reward of his skill and fortitude. Thus the Jutland debate defines itself. The issues are, should the Commander-in-Chief have engaged more resolutely, first at six and then at seven on May 31? Should he so have read the signs of the night as to catch the enemy at daybreak on June 1?

These are great and serious issues, and although in the eleven years that have passed all the material facts have become available, we have yet to learn what principles of naval duty and naval honour are involved; we have yet to receive an authoritative interpretation of the circumstances in which they should have been applied. Now Admiral Harper took a considerable part in clearing up the facts, and must surely have enjoyed unique opportunities for studying the related problems. Had we not the right to hope that some light at least would be thrown upon the issues in dispute? Why, then, does his book* give us little enlightenment? The truth seems to be that Admiral Harper is a victim of the senseless partisanship that in this business sees, not the terrific doctrines that lie at the root of all naval war, but just the rival claims of two officers to such glory and credit as the disappointing doings on that day can afford. His book is therefore little more than an essay in animosity. Can any form of discussion be more wearisome than this? It is not only a barren and pitiful business in itself, it is annoying, in the present instance, because there is no question of one being right and the other wrong. On the issues as I have set them out, the simple fact is that Lord Beatty did not, and could not, had he wished to, influence Lord Jellicoe's conduct in any way whatever. But as

Admiral Harper makes certain charges, they must be briefly answered.

It was, he tells us, "a fatal error" to place the Fifth Battle Squadron where it was, when the Battle Cruiser Fleet made for the station first assigned to it by Lord Jellicoe. The folly of the thing is transparent to anyone who can read Corbett's XVIIIth Chapter with intelligence. For, had the two stations assigned to the Grand Fleet and Battle Cruisers been advanced five or ten miles, and had each Fleet been punctual in station, Hipper must have been midway between them. Clearly it was in this hope that both the Fleet orders and the dispositions were made. How, then, can Admiral Harper tell us that Lord Beatty must have expected the enemy to be South and East of him? Again, Lord Beatty is to be held responsible for the inferior shooting of the Battle Cruisers. It is material to remember that we have no proof that their practice was worse than that of the Grand Fleet, because, for obvious reasons, we shall never find out which made the higher proportion of hits. But had the Battle Cruisers' proportion been lower, there would be no reason for being surprised or for blaming their leader. Everyone familiar with the rudiments of gunnery knows that the service fire control of eleven years ago depended for its efficiency on a very numerous personnel being kept at concert pitch by frequent practice at battle ranges. The Battle Cruiser Fleet had no opportunities for such practice. *Queen Mary* is picked out by Admiral Harper as an exception—but then she was fitted with a different, and a scientific, method. A third comment is that Lord Beatty gave away the secret challenge by asking *Princess Royal*—just astern of her—for it, *Lion's* own copies having been destroyed by gun fire. The reply signal was made by flash lamp, which might have been visible to an enemy two miles, but hardly to one three miles ahead of *Lion*. But the nearest enemy was thirteen miles astern!

Next, we have the old reproach of failure to prepare the Commander-in-Chief for the meeting of the Fleets. Admiral Harper very properly insists that the only real touch in this matter is visual touch. The theory that ships manœuvring at twenty-five knots and under constant helm will always, or indeed ever, know their right position, had been exploded long before the battle, so that reliance should not have been placed on distances and bearings from alleged points at any given moment. What the Admiral does not tell us is that Lord Jellicoe could have established visual touch by at latest 5 p.m., had he chosen—when he first heard that the High Seas Fleet was at sea and went at full speed to meet them—to send his fast, instead of his slow, cruisers forward. But he was tied by his original diagram. As his armoured cruisers were little, if at all, faster than the battleships, he actually drove into the on-coming ships—British and German—without any screen at all.

So far, it will be noticed, Admiral Harper has confined himself to belittling Lord Beatty. His final stroke is to acquit Lord Jellicoe of misinterpreting the meaning of the night actions, on the principle that if two admirals are wrong, one of them must be right. "Such information," he tells us, "as was received by Jellicoe during the night was also available to Beatty. Both Admirals made similar appreciations of the situation." The last statement cannot, of course, be disputed; but for the first, there is no warrant at all—the Harper text and diagrams show conclusively that the Battle Cruisers were miles ahead of the Grand Fleet when the night fighting began, and remained ahead and out of sight of it the whole night through. Nor did Admiral Beatty get the 10.41 signal. It would be difficult for an ignorant layman to have fallen into so many blunders in so short a volume. But then Admiral Harper seems to be a strangely angry man. He ought to have taken warning from Sir Reginald Bacon's awful example. Books like these hurt no one but their writers.

* 'The Truth About Jutland.' By Rear-Admiral Harper. Murray. 5s.

It is a good thing that the Harper record† has at last been published. The bubble of a discreditable intrigue accounting for its suppression is pricked. And though it adds nothing to what the general reader can learn from Corbett and the Admiralty "Narrative," it should be of value to more serious students.

A LETTER FROM DUBLIN

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

WE are engaged in a number of interesting experiments; the electrification of the Free State from the Shannon; the selective protection of Irish industries; a reduction of the income tax below the British level; and a revival of the Irish language. This last is the most notable. It means that the whole system of popular education in southern Ireland is now based on the principle that Irish nationality and the future of the Irish intelligence, depend on the restoration (presumably to the position of a popular speech) of a language long since forgotten over the greater part of the country. Irish nationality is identified with a Gaelic culture which began to decline four centuries ago, and of which, at the close of the nineteenth century, almost the only repositories were the people of the loneliest districts of the southern and western seaboard, the *Gaeltacht*, as it is called. The present enforcement of Irish in the primary and secondary schools of the Free State (which includes the teaching of general subjects through Irish) is, therefore, a gamble of the most audacious kind. It might be described as the pitting of Irish nationality against modern utilitarian civilization.

Recent statistics of the language may be of interest to English readers. I take a typical county outside the *Gaeltacht*, Co. Carlow. Co. Carlow had a total population of 36,000 in 1911. Irish speakers are given at 1,000; in 1861 the figure was 124. The "Irish speakers" of Carlow also know English; no one is ignorant of English in Carlow, nor has been in the past sixty years. I take Galway in the west, large parts of which are in the *Gaeltacht*, total population 180,000; and I find 7,000 under the heading of "Irish only," 90,000 "Irish and English"; in 1861 the figures were 41,000 "Irish only," and 124,000 "Irish and English." In Dublin, which is presumably the most Anglicized county in the Free State, the percentage of population which claims a knowledge of Irish is about 4; in 1801 it was 0.7.

The period to which the above figures relate include the last thirty years of active private enterprise on behalf of the old tongue. I, resident in the east of Ireland during this period, have never accidentally overheard an Irish conversation in the train or in the streets. This may be an isolated experience; in some houses no word of English is ever spoken, but the "synthetic Gaels" of Dublin, Cork and Limerick keep very much to themselves, like early Christians. It is said that one of Siemens-Shuckerts Germans learned Irish before coming here to take up employment on the Shannon scheme of electrification. He was no doubt deceived by the books we write about ourselves; he has not found his Irish useful! The new educational system makes it certain that there will be "on paper" a great increase of bilingualism by the time the next census is taken. It does not follow that Irish will become a common medium of social intercourse, or that it will be the language of our newspapers, our theatres, or our senate, or that it will serve a new culture. The most likely end is that in the next thirty years most Irish men and women will have acquired a knowledge of Irish about equal to the knowledge of French with which the

average boy leaves an English public school—and which is, in the majority of cases, left unused.

There would be nothing sensational in such a result. It is so much the most probable result that strangers will understand with difficulty the violent antagonism which the teaching of Irish arouses in the imperialist, or Anglo-Irish, section of our population. The very mention of the language can arouse a blind hatred; at a recent Synod of the Church of Ireland one speaker described the holding of Irish services in a Protestant cathedral as a blasphemous farce. The bread-and-butter argument against Irish is also much in vogue; but no one really believes that the Irish language is going to obtain a popular, economic victory over English, such as would cut us off from the world. Our imperialists point out that Irish will be time wasted for boys who aspire to careers outside of Ireland, in England or the Empire, and hold that, so long as the Free State remains a member of the British Commonwealth, the opportunities which that membership offers to the ambitions of individual Irishmen ought to be the first consideration with our educationists.

Whatever one's views of Irish, or indeed of the Empire, one must sympathize with the reply of Professor O'Sullivan, the Minister of Education, "I do not educate for export." He aims at interesting the children in their own country, at creating new "goods," and at appreciating local values. This is not an overcrowded island, and it is difficult to see why his design should be regarded as inimical to British interest. The question first put by Bishop Berkeley in his *Querist*—whether the inhabitants of Ireland might not contrive to pass the twenty-four hours in tolerable cheerfulness, without ransacking the four quarters of the globe?—has some force in this connexion. A taint of insincerity and make-believe characterizes the anti-Gaelic party as well as the pro-Gaelic party. Thus it is pretended that compulsory Irish will cause the withdrawal of boys from Irish secondary schools and lead to their being sent to England. In fact, it is the rule with Irish parents, where they can possibly afford it, to send their children to English public schools for education. This movement, however, has been going on for the past fifty years, and is due, not to compulsory Irish, but rather, to quote Berkeley again, to the "madness" which causes a poor nation to imitate a rich one.

But dislike of compulsory Irish is, it should be added, by no means confined to the imperialists. The experiment generally displeases. No popular party, however, dares to organize hostility against what is described emotionally as the national language. The system will therefore continue, whatever Government we may have. It might respond to an intelligent and a positive criticism; and the Anglo-Irish *intelligentsia*, if it dropped the attitude of blank hostility and provided such a criticism, could do a useful service to the country. There is need to protect the public services against the blind enthusiasm of the Gael. Assurances could be obtained that, except when other things were equal, Irish should not be the decisive factor in public appointments. The manner in which the language is taught in the schools will also require attention. At present the best of Gaelic literature is not in the readers and anthologies; and it is only the later phases of the language with which the student is made familiar—phases in which, as has recently been said, "a great tradition has come to its decadence as folk-tales among the poorest peasantry." We have to go back to the seventeenth century—to an Irish as remote from modern Irish as Chaucer is from modern English—to find a literature of quality. The suggestion has been made by one of our men of letters that the finest of the older tales and poems should be recast in modern Irish, so that even if the experiment of reviving Irish as a spoken language fails, those who were in the schools "shall at least have the impress of a culture upon them."

† 'The Record of the Battle of Jutland.' By Captain J. E. Harper. 1919-1920. H.M.S.O. 2s. 6d.

THE SECOND GEORGE

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

WHAT a lark it would be if in the midst of all these jubilees, anniversaries, centenaries, quincenenaries (if that is the right word), millenaries, seventy-fifth anniversaries, birthdays, and poppings out of discoveries of battles and of everything in the world except the only things that really matter, they would have the grace to make a fuss about George II of England (and Elector of Hanover). There are so many all about who owe so much to him and to his family, and this very month is the bicentenary (I know that is the right word) of the little fellow's accession, his brutish but determined father having rid himself of the world and the world of him on May 12, 1727. I say there are any number of people who in duty should be grateful to the pious and immortal memory of the Hanoverians, and particularly of this Hanoverian. There are the official historians, the examiners, the coaches, the great land-owning families, the parliamentarians—everybody except the mass of the people and the few cranks who pitifully bleat truth about history, drowned in the clamour of the amazing conventional lies. It was the good health and the long reign of George II that made the Hanoverian succession certain, and the Hanoverian succession meant the destruction of popular monarchy in these islands, and the destruction of popular monarchy meant the power of the great landlords and of the squires below them, and of the industrialism which grew out of them; and all the bag of tricks. It meant the parliamentarians, it meant all that goes with the business of kings. Quite apart from that, he was a most interesting snippet, was this man of immense lineage and farmyard manners: this typical minor German prince.

I wish I had seen him with my own eyes, strutting about, "showing a leg" (he was proud of his little legs), with his blue gooseberry eyes, starting out of a face like a beef steak; his French jerked out, with, I suppose, that odd accent which all those French-speaking German gentlemen of the eighteenth century had, his absurd scraps of broken English. As for his scraps of broken English, we have a record of quantities, from the famous order at Dettingen to the almost equally famous stammering swear-words at Newcastle. But the one I like best (I do not know whether it is authentic—I only had it from a friend) is that which he uttered when they wakened him to tell him of his accession. He answered, I am told, half-asleep: "Zat iss von big lie!" What a godsend for an aristocracy to have a nominal monarch of that sort!

I should like, too, to have seen his cock-sparrow bearing, for he was a brave little fellow, and all through history one must pay homage to courage in the male, however horrible the setting in which we find it. And Poor George II was not horrible, though he was comic. He was really courageous, for he was daring in action. He was only 25 years of age when he charged at Oudenarde. He was sixty when he strode forward there on foot before his men against the French at Dettingen, a careless target. He deserves all the fame he got from that perfectly useless action.

There are two other things that stand to his credit, or at least that confirm my own good opinion of him. He defended the memory of an indefensible mother, and he adored and was ruled by a very much cleverer wife, to whom he was consistently and childishly unfaithful—for there was a great deal that was immature in George II—and I call it immature in any man to pout until his wife admits his mistress, and then in gratitude at her submission write her a delighted letter in which he gives details of the lady's charms!

Yes, I call it immature, because there is a lack of psychology about it. It is to his credit, too, that he could not stand his father: at least, it is to the credit of his heart, though not of his morals; for morally it is wrong, I suppose, to treat one's father as an enemy. Anyhow, fate caught him on the rebound, and he was punished as he had sinned. Is it to his credit to be the father of Hoppner, the painter? I confess frankly, I do not know. For men ought to pretend to know all about pictures, but I cannot do so at short notice; so there is an end of that.

But to return to Queen Caroline: how charming the relationship and how touching his devotion! Everybody has heard his famous remark at her death-bed, when she urged him to marry after she was gone: "*Non, j'aurai des Maitresses!*" What is less famous is the dying woman's wit when she replied: "*Ah, mon dieu! cela n'empêche pas!*" Still less do people know that he insisted that on his own death—and after what long space of years: twenty-two mortal years and more—they should be buried together, not only in one grave, but with the sides of the coffins removed, so that they might be wedded in the tomb for ever. I am touched by that in a German: still more when I remember that it was a German of the squire class, wherein one does not expect so much romance. I wonder what the man's religion was? I suppose we shall never really know. He was too stupid to be as Voltairean as his wife, and he certainly would not have been an atheist for fashion. He had none of the love of evil in all its forms which is one of the most startling characters of his immensely famous relative, Frederick the Great.

Yes, we ought to keep the bicentenary of that able little man, and if we do I shall perhaps be at the pains of making myself better acquainted with him. But I very much doubt whether we shall. The masters of the modern and rapidly-declining world in which we live have a fine nose for what truths it would be dangerous to utter to the populace. You can make heroes of a good many unpleasant people without giving the show away; but you could not make a hero of George II without even schoolboys at last understanding what it was that replaced the ancient kingship of the English.

And what form would the bicentenary take, even if it were decided to have it (the date is June 12)? They might have little flags with a picture (in colours, I hope) of the man's face, set under a military hat. The money might be given for the putting up of another statue of him; we have not enough ugly statues in London, nor enough dynastic ones. Nor are the streets crowded enough. Or the money might be spent in founding a George II historical professorship at a university—the post to be open indifferently to men or women, and the duties of it being to praise without ceasing the disappearance of the Stewarts, the defeat of the Forty-five, the subsequent massacres; it might be called the Culloden Fellowship, or the Butcher Professorship (but it would be kinder to call it after the monarch in whose reign that happy event took place); and I hope that the Professor, when he or she is appointed, will make special mention of the ruin of the older Sussex families who so quixotically supported the Pretender. But anyhow, let us have this bicentenary; it would be a shame to let it go by unnoticed.

¶ *Subscribers who may be contemplating temporary change of address are requested to communicate with the office of the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, as early as possible, to insure prompt delivery of the paper.*

¶ *Competitors are once more reminded that entries for our Literary Competitions received after the terminal date are automatically disqualified.*

GLADSTONE'S SET

By A. A. B.

FOR Mr. John Bailey I have the greatest respect as a man of letters and a politician. That only increases my resentment of the awkward position into which the editor of this *Diary** forces his critics. Lady Frederick Cavendish was canonized by the tragedy of her husband's death. As a rule it is dangerous, or at least ungracious, to criticize anyone of either sex in the *Calendar*: but particularly so in this case. Lucy Lyttelton was a good woman in every relation of life, as daughter, sister, and wife. No one can doubt the sincerity of her piety, or do otherwise than admire the unselfishness and generosity with which she spent herself in visiting the sick and poor. But though she was and did all these things Lady Frederick Cavendish was not a clever woman. It is astonishing how anyone can live twenty years in the bull's-eye of high politics, Gladstone's niece and Hartington's sister-in-law, and yet have so little to say that is interesting or amusing. In the first volume there is only one remark which arrested my attention as pertinent. When Gladstone in 1859, after refusing to join Lord Derby, eagerly accepted the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer from Lord Palmerston, his niece asks: "There is this question, however: Why if he can swallow Palmn., couldn't he swallow Dizzy, and in spite of him go in under Lord Derby?" As Gladstone had voted against the motion of No Confidence which turned Derby out, and as he was a member of the Carlton Club, a good many other people asked that question besides Miss Lucy Lyttelton, who had not then married a Whig lord, and come under the wand of the magician.

There is another topic of awkwardness connected with these volumes, arising from the difficulty of separating personal character from political surroundings. After her marriage Lady Frederick Cavendish became definitely one of the Gladstone-cum-Lyttelton-cum-Talbot set, which candour compels me to record always filled me with dislike. "What! A Prig, Sir?" Johnson: "Worse, Madam; a Whig. But he is both." That set in politics always struck me as combining the qualities of the Whig and the Prig. I know that the Talbots voted Tory, but they were in all essentials of the Gladstone-Lyttelton brand. What are the distinctive notes of the priggish Whig? First, an all-pervasive religiosity, which ought to be kept out of politics. Second, a calm assumption of moral superiority to everyone who thinks differently. Third, a total lack, or what is worse, a feeble sense of humour. All these notes or marks will be found in all the members of the band. It was not that Disraeli's policy was wrong, but that he was "false" or "devilish." This is Lady Frederick's description of the celebrated scene in the House of Commons in March, 1867, when Gladstone discovered that his rival had carried off the bone from his paws:

Never shall I forget the fire and scorn and vehemence of Uncle W.'s speech: he glared from one side to the other, gesticulated with both arms, often spoke with a kind of bitter laugh, stumbled over the formal phraseology of the House in his violent feeling; but the whole gave such an overwhelming notion of righteous indignation stirred up by moral convictions that there was no effect of temper about it.

There you have it. The question was whether rental or rating should be the qualification for the vote. But there was no temper about it, O no. Only moral convictions and righteous indignation. Some of us remember Dizzy's answer to this righteous wrath. "Really the right hon. gentleman's gestures became so excited at one time, and his tone so threatening,

that I was thankful we were separated by this broad piece of furniture."

Lady Frederick's references to Disraeli are seldom consonant with Christian charity. "I shot" (i.e., perceived) "Dizzy in a brougham, looking more horribly like a fiend than ever; poor old wretch—green with a glare in his eye." I remember that at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities in 1877 the Wickhams and the Talbots and the Gladstones used to talk about "we Christians." After Gladstone's "pilgrimage of passion" in Midlothian, which restored him to office in 1880, the following passage is really a little too much for me:

From the very outset, at the time of the Bulgarian horrors, it has been a great drama that has been enacted; and while all the ruck of cynics and Philistines have been throwing their mud of base imputations and slanders, we who believe in a God above us, and who know Uncle W.'s noble and true motives, can see and believe that the whole bit of history, "che forse non morrà," has been guided to its present crisis by the Hand of God.

It may be bad to be a Philistine: but, my word, it is worse to be a Pharisee.

There are two accounts of the night of May 6, 1882, when the news arrived of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phoenix Park, one written by the widow a year after the event, and the other by her sister Meriel, Mrs. John Talbot:

But then Uncle W. himself came in with Atie Pussy. . . . He came up and almost took me in his arms, and his first words were: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then he said to me, "Be assured it will not be in vain. . . ." I said to him as he was leaving me, "Uncle Wm., you must never blame yourself for sending him." He said, "O no, there can be no question of that."

Mrs. Talbot was present, and apparently her account was written immediately after the event, and as that of an interested spectator is probably the more correct. "Very soon the Gladstones came in. He said, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do. I don't repent sending him; I was right to do it.' " Always and immediately self-justification on moral grounds! It could not occur to Gamaliel, with the broad phylacteries of faction on his forehead, that it was his Irish policy which caused so much misery and bloodshed.

Mr. Bailey married the half-sister of Lady Frederick, and if I have hurt his feelings I can only say he asked for it. Needless to add that his introductions to the divisions of the *Diary* are admirably done, containing just the right amount of Tory salt that a member of the family might throw in. The glimpses of the simplicity of life at Chatsworth and Holker and Bolton in the seventh duke's time, and the imperturbable aloofness of "Cavendish" from the Gladstonian circle, are very interesting.

HOUSES

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I HAVE been wondering if most of those 217,000 new houses are like the ones that have been built just down the road. They are very ugly indeed, square little boxes that look as if they had been nailed on to the landscape, and so ugly that even time will never beautify them. As the years pass and sun and rain come to tint the walls and roofs and the creepers climb to the eaves, these houses will mellow a little but they will never be beautiful. Down here, of course, we cry out at their hideous aspect. Our own houses have great charm, for either they are old farmhouses or cottages adapted to our needs or they are mansions designed by artists, and so we take tea together

* The *Diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish*. Edited by John Bailey. 2 vols. Murray. 36s.

on our trimmed lawns or under our old oak beams and are all very indignant or superior about the ugly little houses that stare at us as we go by, not unlike rather pugnacious poor relations who have been invited for once to a grand party. But there are other people here—people we do not ask to tea, of course—who are happy and excited about those houses. They sit up at night wondering if they can afford to live in one of them. For years now, you see, they have been living with the wife's father or the husband's brother, crowded into a couple of tiny rooms, perhaps, and it has all been very uncomfortable and there have been little quarrels and they have not been able to ask their friends when they would have liked to, and when the husband was down with 'flu or the wife was having another baby it was so bad that life hardly seemed worth living. And now they may be able to have a place of their own, a lovely place with a proper sink in and a sort of bath in the kitchen, if it will only run to it. So they go and look over those new houses, seeing them as a kind of signpost pointing to a sunlit main road of life; while the rest of us, fortunate or cunning enough to have installed ourselves snugly and picturesquely, hurry past the ugly little brick boxes to ask the Vicar's wife or Major Brown if it really is not too bad and if something cannot be done about it.

Even a local builder, you will notice, can suddenly turn our minds into a battlefield, where a desire for beauty wars with our common human sympathy. A few more of these houses and this place will no longer charm the eye; a great many more of them and it will be hideous; but on the other hand a number of people will have the chance at last of living decently and in comfort. The thorough-going aesthete, who admits to caring for nothing but his own exquisite sensations, would have the landscape unspoilt though the remaining cottages should be crammed with wretched fellow creatures. The rest of us, not being made of such hard glittering stuff, cannot help feeling that people should come first, that their chunks of happiness or misery are more important than certain delicate satisfactions of our own; and it seems to us that the other way of thinking is like refusing to save a man's life because he has a detestably ugly face. We should be content to make the whole country hideous if we knew for certain that by doing so we could also make all the people in it moderately happy. Yet we know too that if the country were thus absolutely shut off from beauty, in the long run nobody would be really happy, for some part of the good life would be lost for ever. Thus once more we find ourselves faced not with a problem but an apparently insoluble puzzle, which traps the mind into circular paths. (There are so many of these that I for one have ceased to have any opinions at all of any importance; and sometimes I feel that we shall be compelled to start thinking all over again, in a new way.) We are left crying out upon the age that bore us. O cursed spite!

But let us return to the ugly new houses. Is it possible that there is compromise between leaving people without a roof of their own and ruining the landscape? Is it necessary that most of these houses should look so unpleasant? I leave the answer to the town-planners, the

architects and the builders. All I can say is that I do not understand why there is such a general passion now for building semi-detached or detached little houses. Do people refuse to live in any other kind? If they do, then I refuse to sentimentalize over them any longer. Let them stay with their husband's father or wife's brother. I am convinced that it is this detachment that is responsible for a great deal of the ugliness. This it is that peppers the countryside with little brick boxes. Even those more lordly suburbs that are filled with detached villas, not necessarily ugly in themselves, always depress me, if only because they have such a higgledy-piggledy appearance, no order or dignity about them. Moreover, they eat up miles of good countryside, or meadow and heath and woodland, making the town go straggling on and on in the dreariest fashion. I like town and I like country but I must confess that I do not like this half-and-half stuff, neither one nor the other nor a genuine bit of both, these hill-sides crazily dotted with villas, each bearing a meaningless name. What is wrong with little terraces and crescents and the like? They must be easier to build, and they are certainly better to look at. Most of us have lived in one of them at some time or other and found there was nothing wrong with houses built on this plan. Indeed, I am told they have certain advantages, being easier to warm and so forth. I believe that the best small houses built since the war, the model dwellings, were devised on this plan, arranged in short terraces or round three sides of a square. That is how civilized people should live, and not be camped each in his own detached bit of ugliness. Does not this, then, suggest a possible compromise between overcrowding and a countryside peppered with brick boxes? I ask the question out of my ignorance, wistfully.

Here is another. How is it that we are not for ever talking about houses and housing? Is it because those of us who do so much of the talking about things happen to be fairly comfortably and conveniently housed ourselves? I am not going to say how large my own family is, nor how many rooms we use, but I will say that if the number of those rooms was halved, my life would soon be very different and so, I suspect, would my point of view. It means that I should never be able to escape from the other members of my family nor they from me, that there would be little or no chance for quiet thinking or even talking, that if I remained at home my temper would be always on edge, that after a time I should neither stay in myself nor ask other people in to see me. In the country, one might manage in a tiny cottage because a good deal of time would be spent in the open. But in a large town, life in a very small house, of three or four little rooms, would be horrible. Either every sense would have to be blunted or existence would be a misery. In the West Riding town that I used to live in—and there are hundreds like it in the industrial North and Midlands—there were districts locally known as "back o' the mill," and in these districts there were rows and rows of what were called "passage houses," erected on a plan that enabled the contractor to build four houses in the space usually occupied, in slightly more civilized regions, by two small

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houses. Thus each of these dwellings, back to back as they are, has only one door, and not as a rule more than three rooms, a living-room and two bedrooms. These houses have not been demolished, they are there still, all over the North and the Midlands, I fancy. The children who attend the Council schools, where they are taught to sing or even to read the poetry of Shelley, live in such houses. When they leave school, they continue to live in them. Only a few are able to escape.

One of the objects of primary education, I believe, is to refine its small pupils, to make them more sensitive. This seems rather a dirty trick when we consider that the children have to return to those houses. It is very difficult to go on reading the works of Shelley in a room that has to be shared with all the rest of the family and its various and frequently noisy concerns. It is hard to live the sensitive life when you are never alone. I think if most of us lived in such places with a growing family, we should let a many things go if we were women, and get out as soon as we could and look for beer if we were men. Certainly we should either cease being sensitive or become embittered. I suspect that the absence of two or three rooms, in which a young man or woman might sit quietly and read or dream, has gone to make many a revolutionary just as it has gone far to make many a sot. There are some learned gentlemen, who sit in quiet studies thirty feet long by fifteen broad and consider the discontents of the lower classes, I should like to take by the hand and lead into one of those three-roomed houses, bidding them share the place with a noisy family for a month. A month would do, I think. At the end of that time they would be no nearer settling any of their problems than they were before, but there would be some things that they would understand. "And all man's energies seem very brave," says Mr. Squire, in his beautiful poem on a house. Well, they might even come to that conclusion too.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

SOVIET RUSSIA AND WAR

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter signed by Mr. J. C. MacGregor, in the SATURDAY REVIEW of May 28.

I am not a "white" Russian, if by that term Mr. MacGregor means a member of the various political organizations among Russian emigrants. I belong to no political party, as I am firmly convinced that the salvation of Russia will not come from emigrant circles. I am also convinced that when a change comes in the Government system of Russia—which must inevitably happen sooner or later—most emigrants will find that they are far from being *personæ gratæ* in the mother country, as their points of view will be absolutely out of harmony with popular feeling in Russia. I would therefore like to answer several points that Mr. MacGregor raises.

First, as to the possibility of war with Russia following the rupture between Great Britain and the

Soviets. It seems to me that this has singularly diminished the chances of a civil war in England, brought about by Soviet propaganda and money. This, however, is a British national question, which it is not the place of a foreigner to discuss. But as to a war between Great Britain and the Soviets, let Mr. MacGregor rest assured that no Government has less desire for a war than the Soviets.

The collapse of all the anti-Bolshevik fronts was not so much due to a general rising of nationalist feeling against "an invasion of foreign capitalists" as to the fact that the "white" movement had no practical political programme to offer the people in place of the "Socialist Paradise" that was promised them by the Bolsheviks. Russia is a peasant country, and no movement can possibly succeed without the support—even passive—of the peasant.

Mr. MacGregor forgets that in 1918 Germany invaded nearly half of European Russia—from the Ukraine to the Caucasus. This was indeed an invasion in force of foreigners, not to be compared with the small number of Allied troops which was with the "white" armies, and which, in most cases, did not actually take part in the fighting. Here, if ever, was the chance for a united nationalist rising against the foreigner. But nothing of the sort happened; risings occurred against Skoropadsky's Ukrainian Government, but none against the Germans. Why? Because at that moment the Bolshevik leaders were under German guidance.

The Soviets have certainly made use—and are still making use—of nationalist feelings to agitate the people against "capitalistic" governments. But they take good care to go easy in this game, as it is a dangerous one for them. For the Soviet Government is essentially anti-national and international, and nothing could be more feared by it than a general nationalist movement in Russia.

Although Mr. MacGregor states that he has "a strong suspicion that the Red Army is a better fighting force now than the old Imperial Army ever was," let me assure him that he is greatly mistaken. The Soviets are very well aware that mobilization would be a huge failure, and would turn against them. The peasants are not nearly so content with the Soviet regime as many people seem to think. I have before me some interesting figures as to the costs of various agricultural products, compared with manufactured wares, in one of the most fertile parts of Russia. These figures come straight from Russia, and are not supplied by any "white" organization. I will only quote two figures, to be brief: wheat, highest actual price paid to peasants, sixty kopecks the poud. The lowest pre-war price in this region was eighty kopecks. Thus, the price of wheat in this part of Russia, which was called the granary of Europe, has gone down 25% on pre-war prices. As to manufactured goods, the average increase on pre-war prices is 600% in the same region. The peasants, therefore, are in a state of dissatisfaction, and a mobilization in such conditions would be disastrous to the Soviets, as they very well know.

I would like to cite the words of General Hoffmann, the German General who signed the Brest-Litowsk Treaty, as given to the correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Journal*, on May 29:

... In case of an armed conflict, the Moscow Government can only really count on 60,000 men, who form the Army of the Tcheka. The mass is without any value as far as instruction and equipment goes. It disposes of a very limited number of real leaders. The organization and instruction are much more political than military. This state of things would be a real catastrophe in the case of mobilization.

The British Government has declared that it does not wish for a war with Russia. Let Mr. MacGregor be assured that Soviet talk of war is mere bravado and bluff, used to stir up feeling against the "capitalistic governments," to try to stifle the fact that, at last,

civilized governments are getting sick of Soviet humbug—*vide* speeches of the French Minister of Interior in the French Chamber, and that of Mr. Myron Herrick at the Suresnes Cemetery.

As to the words of General Brusilloff, as cited by Mr. MacGregor, it must be remembered that the former's position was very difficult. He was dangerously wounded by a stray shell during the Bolshevik rising in Moscow at the end of 1917, and was laid up for several months. It is quite possible that if this had not happened General Brusilloff would have made his way to one of the white armies, as did many other general officers. The position of those Russians who, like him, could not get out of Soviet Russia, often not only for fear of their own lives, but for those of their families, who were (and still are) held as hostages, is really tragic, and indeed, in my opinion, more to be pitied than that of the emigrants. It is more than natural that these Russians, who were forced to serve the Soviets to assure their existence and those of their families, should seek a compromise with their consciences, and persuade themselves that although serving "the destroyers of their country" (as General Brusilloff said) they were still serving "Holy Russia" as best they could in the circumstances, by preserving and restoring what they could out of the general chaos. I will even say that I consider those who did so sincerely to be as good patriots as any of the emigrants, to say the least. Therefore, I attach no blame to General Brusilloff for having served the Soviets.

But where I cannot leave his words unanswered is when he speaks of his allegiance to the Tsar, and of his oath being dissolved. General Brusilloff was the first to appear bedecked with red ribbons during the Revolution, and to curry favour with the demoralized soldiery with demagogic speeches, etc. The alleged words of General Brusilloff seem strangely incongruous. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but in this case it would have been better for the memory of a great soldier for him to have remained silent.

As to the question of foreign help for the white armies, does Mr. MacGregor honestly believe that the Allies did all they could to help them? In that case I would refer him to Col. John Ward's book 'With the Die-Hards in Siberia,' from which I will only quote one sentence: "The Allies went to the other extreme: their help took the form of positive wilful obstruction." (Foreword, p. xi.)

I am, etc.,

N. ORLOFF

(Prince Nicholas Orloff)

*Le Buisson-Luzas, par Salbris, Loir-et-Cher,
France*

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT AND WAR

SIR,—In Notes of the Week of your last issue the statement is made that through the medium of unscrupulous use of the wireless the Russian peasant has been convinced by Moscow that Great Britain wants war, and that in such an event the whole country would be united. May I be allowed to correct this statement? The Russian peasant may to some small extent (perhaps 5% at the utmost) be convinced of this, but he could never be got to fight for people such as the Communists who oppress him or for a cause which is contrary to every instinct of right which he possesses. The Bolshevik rulers know this well and dare not launch their conscripted army of peasants in any attack on neighbouring States, as such an action would give just the right impetus for the non-Communist section of the armed forces of the State, who form 95% of the whole, to turn on their Commissars and revolt. There is, just now, a smouldering sense of the deepest dissatisfaction in Soviet Russia, which has already shown itself in risings during the last week in white Russia.

My information is derived from Russia itself, received during the last two weeks from trustworthy sources.

I am, etc.,

W. HENDERSON

The Sussex Club, Eastbourne

THE TRADE DISPUTES BILL

SIR,—The Trade Disputes Bill has been so widely misrepresented by the Socialists that it is, perhaps, not surprising that your correspondent, Mr. J. C. MacGregor, should write a second letter in your columns containing still further inaccuracies as to the effect of that measure.

In your last issue your correspondent remarked that the clause dealing with intimidation applies only to employees and not to employers and that the term intimidation "is broadened out to mean almost anything in the way of disapproval." I think that a closer examination of the Bill will prove that both these statements are ill-founded. The clause, in fact, expressly applies to any person, "whether acting on behalf of a trade union or on behalf of an individual employer or firm." The clause further refers to and incorporates section 7 of the Act of 1875, which applies to "every person." This seems to be sufficiently comprehensive to avoid the charge of class distinction.

By the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, intimidation is only illegal where there are direct threats of personal violence. By the new Bill the meaning of intimidation is extended to include the subtler and more cowardly form of mental or moral intimidation. It now, for instance, will become illegal to intimidate a person by inducing shopkeepers to refuse to serve him, or by threatening to make the lives of his wife and children unbearable or by threatening that he will be driven out of work and forced into the workhouse. This scarcely seems an unreasonable extension of the law, and there can be few champions of the unlimited right to intimidate by every means short of physical assault. On the other hand, the Bill does not interfere with the right of picketing for the purpose of peaceful persuasion, nor can any person be convicted under its provisions, unless he has caused a reasonable apprehension of injury to a fellow citizen.

I am, etc.,

GORDON C. TOUCHE

7 Richmond Mansions, S.W.5

SIR,—It is notable that that part of the adverse criticism of the Trade Disputes Bill which emanates from the intellectuals betrays a singular lack of appreciation of the psychological aspects of the question.

We have the two extremes—the academic unreality of the cloistered scholar and the vitriolic vituperation of militant illiteracy.

Mr. Ramsay Muir and Mr. William Graham proceed upon the same line of thought in their consideration of the proposals of the Government. They both concur in emphasizing the assertion that the Government is depending upon new penalties for the purpose of removing abuses in trade union administration; whereas in point of cold fact the Government is doing nothing of the kind.

But once having started with this fallacious premiss they can of course build up a pile of objections consonant with their own predilections. Each gentleman, instead of relying so much on his own inferences from history would have done better to discuss the Bill frankly with special constables, who had considerable experience of industrial areas during the general strike of 1926.

The purely human factors in industrial disputes are evasive and elusive. They must be watched in operation close at hand and continuously.

The Unionist ideal realized would see us much nearer the desired haven of peace which is the essential pre-

liminary to prosperity. That ideal is: every capitalist a worker and every worker a capitalist. And it is encouraging to remember that in twenty years small investors have trebled their investments in Savings Banks, Savings Certificates, Building and Friendly Societies and so on. We are gradually progressing towards the union of owner and worker.

What the scholarly critics of the Trade Disputes Bill do not appreciate is the fact that the elements in trade unionism which succeeded in forcing the general strike were seditious and revolutionary.

It is quite irrelevant to argue that trade unions are indispensable for the protection of the workers' work and wages and for the purpose of negotiation. We are past that, which is agreed matter on all hands. Nothing in the Government Bill in any way or sense derogates from or limits the powers of trade unions in these directions. To suggest that it is penal legislation is grossly misleading. It is something essential to clear the air and the ground as well. Not that we are to stop there. We must have the industrial position cleared, co-ordinated and consolidated before we can have smooth co-operation. But these ends will never be achieved by State action.

I am, etc.,

J. LESLIE MACCALLUM

Oakleigh, Boswall Road, Leith

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

INFORMATION WANTED

SIR,—I am only a poor old woman and I cannot afford to buy books. So I have to read the newspapers, which are nice and cheap—I mean cheap.

I gather that there was a by-election last week in a place called Bosworth, and that it was lost by the Government for the following reasons:

1. The Government is not really Conservative, but Liberal and Socialist. The electors, therefore, in their scorn of Liberalism and Socialism, voted for the Socialist and Liberal candidates.

2. The Government is really Conservative. Conservatives are the scum of the earth. (This seems to be the considered opinion of Mr. J. L. Garvin.) The electors, therefore, voted Socialist and Liberal, to prove that whatever kind of scum they are, they are not Conservative scum, at any rate.

3. The Government is giving Votes to Flappers. This will throw the country into the hands of the Liberals and the Socialists. The electors, therefore, in their dread of Liberalism and Socialism, voted for the Liberal and Socialist candidates.

4. The Government has hearkened to a few wicked wealthy Protectionists, instead of to the toiling masses of oppressed and virtuous Free Traders.

5. The Government has hearkened to a few wicked wealthy Free Traders, instead of to the toiling masses of oppressed and virtuous Protectionists.

6. The Government turned out the Reds the other day, but not till Lord Rothermere was getting quite vexed. So the electors plumped against the Government, to teach it not to vex Lord Rothermere.

It is so worrying for a poor old woman, especially when she cannot quite tell what are the politics of the different papers. What are the politics of the *Observer*, for instance, and the *Daily Express*? I was told that these newspapers were Conservative, but I do not think they are, are they? The *Daily Express* is always full of a gentleman called Mr. Lloyd George, and he is not a Conservative, is he? Or is he? He must be very nice, for the newspapers say that ever so many people have given him all their money, just because they were so fond of him, and he is spending it, quite secretly, just to make the world a better place! And nobody can find out any more about it than that, though ever so many people have tried, including dear Lord Rosebery. It all sounds too delightfully romantic! But what a very bad man Mr. Baldwin must be, if everything the newspapers say about him is true!

And of course it is, isn't it? I cannot imagine that anyone would deliberately print falsehoods.

I am, etc.,

DOROTHY JOHNSON

P.S.—I do so enjoy those humorous letters signed J. C. MacGregor! I once knew a very clever gentleman called MacGregor. If I remember rightly, he was a Scotchman.

THE DOGS' PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—Surely "An F.R.S." does not need to remind us that those who practise cruel experiments on living animals for any kind of knowledge whatsoever are left "cold" by any suggestion of the pursuit of spiritual knowledge! The thought of the God of mercy and pity would, of course, be ruthlessly discarded as "superstitious" by those who come by their knowledge through cruel methods. To such, presumably, health of body and length of life are the highest objectives of humanity.

As to his reference to "blood-sports," which are objectionable to many of us, there is a difference between the hunted fox, or hare, or big game, all of whom are given a "sporting chance" of escape by the average English sportsman and a quick death, and the wretched victim of the experimenter, strapped to the operating table, or caged in its pen in the laboratory "developing" some injected mortal disease. Is it to be wondered at, after all, that we are being constantly told that these very mortal diseases are so terribly on the increase? *Cernit omnia Deus vindex!*

I am, etc.,

A. B. HORDERN

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE

SIR,—The difficulty in regard to F. P. S's suggestion is the existence of the tied-house system. The publican is expected to increase the trade of the house in order to satisfy the brewery company owning it. The house is really the agency for the supply and distribution of a particular brew. To achieve any real and permanent reform, I think it will be necessary to look in the direction of disinterested ownership and control as at Carlisle, where, thanks to the monopoly enjoyed by the State Management Authority, substantial reforms have been effected to the great benefit of the public.

It appears to me that all who desire reform on constructive lines should unite in pressing for legislation to make it possible for the Carlisle scheme to be adopted elsewhere. Why should it be restricted to Carlisle? One great merit of the scheme is the fact that it can be applied without any cost to the country. In a word, it is a sound business proposition.

I am, etc.,

S. J. LONGMAN

179 Hale End Road, E.17

[We would refer our correspondent to the Report of the Southborough Committee.—ED. S.R.]

'THE MASK'

SIR,—As one who has been privileged to see something of the difficulties of the arduous research work carried on by *The Mask*, I beg that you will allow me to attempt to correct the very false impression which Mr. Ivor Brown's attack is calculated to produce on your readers. I would assure them that a hard share of the work is done from London by people who have already done an eight-hour-day before winning the freedom to devote time to this extra labour which they believe to be necessary. Mr. Brown's vision of Florentine exquisites basking in calm by the Arno, has the same degree of foundation in fact as the London critic's conviction the "Elizabethan locale was merely the matter of a placard"—none.

Mr. Brown quotes Mr. Craig's remark that he will not produce a play except in a theatre of his "own." I understand the remark to mean a theatre in which his authority is accepted. Which will never be in London while the view expressed in your columns of February 24, 1923, that "Mr. Craig is too dynamic for the London theatre and is certainly not the kind of man we need," continues to be that of London's journalists. Copenhagen thought differently and met with the response of an immediate production last autumn.

I am, etc.,

ENID ROSE

32 Hampstead Way, N.W.11

A QUOTATION

SIR,—Surely Dr. Glover quotes correctly:

"Hills of sheep, and the *howes* of the silent vanished races."

Your reviewer suggests that the word should be *homes*.

I am, etc.,

A. M. COOKE

96 Abington Street, Northampton

[Our reviewer writes: "Before writing my notice of Dr. T. R. Glover's 'Saturday Papers,' I consulted my copy of 'Poems,' by R. L. Stevenson (Chatto and Windus, 1906). The poem which Dr. Glover quotes (or, rather, misquotes), occurs on page 204, and the third line of the second stanza is:

'Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races.'

The poem is also included in 'The Poetry of Nature,' selected by Henry van Dyke (Heinemann, 1909), and there, too, the disputed word is given as 'homes.'"
—Ed. S.R.]

P's AND Q's

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me where the following lines occur and the author of same:

Trifles even lead to Heaven,
Trifles make the life of man,
So in all things, great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

R. J. B.

SIR,—Can you enlighten me as to the origin of the phrase, "No man is a hero to his valet"?

L. MARLOWE

SIR,—I saw the following passage quoted in a newspaper the other day: "The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land." Could you supply me with the name of the author?

R. S. LAURIE

JEAN BON ST. ANDRÉ

SIR,—

"Poor John was a gallant Captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon
On the First of June—
But he bade the rest keep fighting."

Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.

STEPHEN TEMPLE

THE THEATRE THE BARD AGAIN

BY IVOR BROWN

LAST week there came to the town in which I was a stopping a stock company offering the plays of William Shakespeare. Its playbills had the superscription and its performances the occasional support of a great name. At the present time we are, as a nation, supposed to be more than usually excited about Shakespeare. Are we not struggling from one charity *matinée* to another, that the Bard may be restored to Clerkenwell and that Stratford may build again? Report arrives of a great "drive" in America which will send Stratford a million dollars, and even now, perhaps, at the name of Shakespeare every Babbitt has begun to bow and sign his cheque. But, when the possibility of seeing plays by the master was offered to our town, I could not feel that the temperature had suddenly risen and that every pulse was beating more strongly as though magic were floating down the street. What happened was that slender and mainly juvenile audiences were shepherded to see the school-room pieces—'The Dream,' 'The Merchant' and 'Julius Cæsar'—the inevitable routine.

It is absurd to blame the touring companies for continuing the routine. Their way is hard enough and they know that if they vary the curriculum and try us with 'Love's Labour Lost' and 'Troilus and Cressida,' and even have a shot at 'Antony and Cleopatra,' we shall give them the reward of a comprehensive inattention. They must adapt their bill to the requirements of the Board of Education, of matriculation papers, and of the donors of higher certificates. If they stick to Shylock and Brutus, they will scrape together an audience which just suffices. They are not endowed; they are not encouraged; and we ought to be thankful that they do plod on at all. But their virtue is twisted to a vicious circle. Shakespeare, as a touring proposition, can just survive if efforts are concentrated on the class-room plays. The young idea accordingly sees Shakespeare purely as a class-room figure and there is a natural reaction against him when the young idea grows older and can go its own way at the box-office. The performances which are attended as an extension of class-work inevitably unmake Shakespeareans in the process of keeping Shakespeare's plays in the English theatre. Every mask of William that is set by the bust of Vergil on the class-room shelf is bitterly mocked by the act of adulation and is, in very truth, a death-mask.

Those of us who care about Shakespeare, the essential Shakespeare who has sung our spring-songs and voiced our black moods as no man of pity and wrath has done before or since, are left baffled and disconsolate. We shrink before an endless repetition of the plays which move us least, often rendered with a stale technique from which the virtue and vitality have departed. We may, of course, take the line of cynical resignation. The English people, we may say, had better leave Shakespeare to the Germans. (There lie on my desk at the moment elaborate plans for a Shakespeare festival at Bochum, where the cycle of the histories will be given, and given, I dare swear, to enthusiastic, crowded houses.) We may argue that to go on with our Shakespearean campaigns and plans for memorials is mere humbug and futility. It only means the gathering together of all the people at whom Shakespeare would have laughed or raged, just as Dickens celebrations usually collect the types whom Dickens would have pilloried with a roar of his great laughter. We may shrug our shoulders and say that the theatre has always been on the sur-

face of English life, the passion of a few, the toy of some, and a mere nothing to the mass. If there be no general hunger, why bother to supply the feast, why scourge ourselves to labour in the larder? As private men we have our Shakespeare still; we have our secret sustenance. Let his written word be the crown of our leisure, the consolation of our hidden lives.

That is the line of least resistance: it costs us nothing in funds or tribulation. It offers its peculiar pleasures. What a game it is to pretend that we have never met Shakespeare before and to throw ourselves privily into one of the great tragedies with the pretty faith that it is all new to us, that these words have never been rubbed by use or blunted by a single recitation! It strains imagination, no doubt, to make our eyes, ears, and brains thus virginal. But the game, if we can play it, makes retirement radiant and gives to loneliness a social warmth before which the richest glow of friendship may gather and grow pale. How much better than the theatre, with its tired, uncreative atmosphere, its jostling of uncompanionable company, its old meaningless discipline of false flourish on the stage and false reverence in the pit! It is easy to feel like that, easy to cry plague upon the footlights and the tip-up plush, easy to prefer the sonnets in a summer garden to doublet and hose amid the shabby canvas. Yet one revolts. It was not for the secret sons of Epicurus, rolling phrase after phrase against the palate, that the great torrent was tumbled into England's general estate. Our minds go back to those commons who pass the banquet by because in childhood they were forcibly fed or because they distrust the announcers of the feast.

So we turn back to the politics and economics of the business. We see the campaigners busily marching in different directions and with no unity of command. The Stratford Memorial Theatre is to be worthily rebuilt and, if the Americans are actively moved by the million-dollar slogan, the swans of Avon should be soon disturbed by the plumber and the mason on the bank. With rather slower steps the Sadler's Wells Fund climbs wearily upwards and before long bardolatry in North London may be spared the trouble of a trip to the Waterloo Road. Then there is the original Shakespeare National Memorial Fund, which is maturing in the cellars with the possibility that our grand-children may enjoy its benefits. The Trustees have, I believe, about seventy-five thousand pounds, most of which came by a single subscription before the war. The idea was to build an English National Theatre and we once got as far as a site in Bloomsbury and a competition for the architectural design. But since the proper building and endowment of a National Theatre would need, on a modest computation, half a million at least, and since no further subscriptions can be obtained while Stratford and Sadler's Wells are leading the beggars' opera, it seems that waiting and not seeing is the only prospect for devotees of the National Theatre. The Trustees did a really sensible thing when they spent the annual interest on subsidizing tours of the New Shakespearean Company, so that towns which rarely see Shakespeare properly produced might have a fresh experience. But anything so logical as the proposal that a National Memorial can be created by nationalizing Shakespeare is anathema to legal logic. The Charity Commissioners stepped in and warned the Trustees of breach of trust. They held the money, it was said, to build a theatre and expenditure on anything other than bricks and mortar was illegal. If seventy-five thousand pounds is useless, then the money must wait until it is useful. So it lies in the bank and accumulates at compound interest. My arithmetic is weak and compound interest was ever a vexatious matter. I reckon that we may have our National Theatre built and endowed some sixty years from now.

The present situation, therefore, may be thus summarized. Stratford will have a new Memorial Theatre for the benefit of tourists in a year or two. London, which has one Old Vic., may have another in several years. The National Theatre Fund has two human generations in which to grow up and it is utterly useless until it has matured. Meanwhile the English people rely for any Shakespearean acting on hard-pressed touring companies who rely, in their turn, on the shillings of scholars received because Shakespearean performances are a trimming of the curriculum. This creates a false appetite for Shakespeare while it destroys a real one. I submit the following comments and conclusions based on that situation.

A memorial is not national if it serves only Stratford and London; a theatre at Stratford is a matter for local pride and saves the nation's face, but it is not of great use to the nation and London has, occasionally in the West End and always at the Old Vic., as much Shakespeare as it wants. (If it does want more, Sadler's Wells will soon be another source of supply.) The need of England is a need for enrichment of the provincial theatre, which is the theatre of nine out of ten playgoers. Shakespearean tours, employing the best of our young actors and producers and not dependent on the scholastic market, would as certainly lose money as they would certainly be worth while. They would specially aim at swift, gay, vigorous presentation and they would not limit themselves to the curriculum pieces. They would play to poor houses until the panic of Shakespeare generated in the schools had been dispersed and a new audience created, and they would lose money by playing in the small industrial towns which have no theatrical life at present. They would, in short, be crusaders for a really national theatre and crusades are costly. To achieve the organization of such a crusade there would have to be unity of command, a bill to legalize the use of the Trust Funds now waiting for many years to roll by, and a central committee representing all the Shakespearean "interests" and concentrating their now dispersed energy. Above all, the Board of Education must have nothing to do with it. A scheme of this kind would make great demands. The alternative is the present muddle. The scheme might waste money. At present we are, as far as the theatre is concerned, wasting Shakespeare: and that, I think, is the greater folly.

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

BY JOHN PALMER

Paris, June 6, 1927

IT is not in any sense a profession. You may describe it, mystically, as a calling or, vulgarly, as a trade; but I would choose for this article to use the word "mystery," reverting deliberately to an archaic word peculiarly appropriate to the play with which we are concerned.

I am referring, of course, to 'Maya' at the Studio des Champs Elysées. It is an indication of the rate at which things are at present moving in the Paris theatre that 'Maya,' which a few years ago had to be withdrawn almost as soon as it was produced, has now, upon its revival, achieved a very substantial success. In the little theatres of Paris there is at present a race between the producer and the public. M. Gaston Baty, when he first produced 'Maya' at the Studio, was leading by a year or so. But the public has now caught him up and 'Maya' is well on the way to its third century.

In technique it is a product of the new school. It breaks every canon of French dramatic authorship. It is constructed in eight short scenes, each of which introduces a new incident and a fresh

character or set of characters. There is, in fact, no dramatic unity in the mechanical sense. This apparently loose construction, however, only emphasizes the essential unity of the piece. Each scene presents a new aspect of the same idea; each scene reinforces and adds significance to the one that precedes it. Each has a different mood and a varying depth; each presents a further aspect of the original idea; each gets us deeper into the subject and serves as a new point of departure and development. The characters are varied, but the framework is the same and the subject is continually in evidence. It is necessary to insist on the essential strictness of form which underlies an apparent looseness of construction, as certain critics are wont to accuse the younger French school of technical incompetence. There is more real constructive ability in this play than in many of the pieces which are inordinately admired for their fidelity to established rules. "Maya: quelquefois ça veut dire mère-désir . . . et sœur-du-mensonge . . . ou bien, Maya, c'est l'apparence . . . l'illusion . . . Oui: puissance de l'illusion, surtout."

The action passes throughout in the room in which she practises her mystery. She is for the men who pass a momentary embodiment of what they stand most essentially in need of—a memory, a refuge, a substitute for the ideal, a brutal satisfaction, but always a reflection of themselves: "ceux-la (les conscients et les inconscients) poursuivent en elle ou au moyen d'elle, à travers elle ou malgré elle, la recherche d'un infini dont elle est le truchement." The series of short scenes, in which she alone is the constant feature, are cumulative in their presentation of the idea which she represents. To all who come she instinctively gives what is necessary. Her own abnegation of personality and desire is complete, and she is thus able at once to identify herself with the mood, even though it be unconfessed, of her visitor. Her motive is always the obliteration of self in the act of consolation.

This, you will think, is merely the author's fine writing in praise of a *métier* which is essentially sordid, a complicated attitude to something which is really quite elementary. Here, you will say, is the old incorrigible romantic peeping through a modern metaphysical disguise, a modish expression of that morbid fascination of the stews which was responsible for so much pretty literature in the nineteenth century:

Lazy, languid, laughing Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,

was our characteristic English contribution to that outbreak, before the social dramatists had captured the subject and proved to their own satisfaction that prostitution was merely a consequence of economic conditions.

Admittedly 'Maya' is a product of the young romanticism, which is one of the most interesting of the developments in France. Witnessing 'Maya' by M. Simon Gantillon you will be as inevitably reminded of Baudelaire as you are reminded of De Musset when witnessing, say, 'Je suis trop grand pour moi' by M. Jean Sarment. But it is romanticism with a difference, and the difference is almost as significant as the similarity. The old romantics were egocentric and grandiloquent, large of gesture, loose of metaphor and phrase. They revelled in a fine confusion. They were lacking in taste and measure. They had almost no sense of humour. The new romantics are so far from being egocentric that they spend most of their time vainly looking for themselves. They are sparing of words and of a peculiarly still demeanour. They are cursed with a fineness of taste and a moderation which often renders them fastidious in the classic sense of the word. Their sense of humour has reached the point of seeing themselves at inconvenient moments as

others see them, and further than that humour cannot go. But, in spite of all these superficial differences between the new and the old romantics, their essential inspiration is the same. They are writing the literature of escape. They find the objective world, like the greatest of all the romantics, weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, and they fly for refuge to a reality within themselves which is usually beyond their reach. They are subjective, introspective and self-tormenting. Whether it be the magnificent Tiburce de Mortecroix with his rout of parasites, or the succession of poor waifs who seek their moment of illusion in 'Maya,' they are as obviously the creatures of romance as Manfred or Werner.

'Maya,' indeed, is an excellent example of the new romance, touched with a sentiment that is apt to wonder at times exactly how sincere it is, edging at times towards the metaphysical. In its dramatic use of incident and character it combines a fidelity to fact, learned from the naturalists, with a simplification and a regard for the essential, learned from their successors. There is, as I have suggested, something almost hieratic in this modern conception of Maya, but there is nothing in the least hieratic in the style of her presentation. Those, indeed, whose acquaintance with the French language is merely bookish will find nine-tenths of the dialogue of the play unintelligible, for it is written in a racy idiom of the streets. In this it is typical of the new school, which uses simplicity and even homeliness of expression to convey ideas which are essentially recondite.

M. Gaston Baty has found in this play the best of his opportunities. His author frankly relies a good deal on effects which only a producer with a sense of his importance in the theatrical scheme is likely to achieve. The seventh tableau shows us Bella talking to Fifine, a young girl, and, at the close of the scene, with *notre-mère*, the prostitute of a previous generation. At the end of the tableau we find a footnote: "Il importe que le public ait, par impression visuelle immédiate, le sentiment que Fifine, Bella, et Notre-mère sont la même fille à trois époques de la vie." Well, the public got that impression quite distinctly without having seen the footnote. The production is admirable throughout. Incidentally, the author is deeply indebted to Mlle. Marguerite Jamois, who plays the difficult and arduous rôle of Maya-Bella. She achieves exactly that combination of hieratic severity and natural freedom which the part requires.

MUSIC

'TURANDOT'

EVEN the absence of Mme. Jeritza, who was to have been the Koh-i-noor of its resplendent jewelry, did not dim the magnificence of Puccini's 'Turandot,' which was given for the first time at Covent Garden last Tuesday. As a spectacle it was a superb affair and the music proved as sumptuous. Opulent decoration does not, however, necessarily make good music, and there were many moments when admiration for the composer's skill was counterbalanced by the feeling that he was too concerned with his elaborate apparatus to allow inspiration its share. The *chinoiserie* has been done with infinitely greater musical results and even with greater skill by Stravinsky in the original version of 'Le Rossignol.' The spectacular Eastern scene has been painted better in 'Aida,' which belongs to the same class of opera. The cold horrors of the plot have been made more blood-curdling by Puccini himself in 'La Tosca.' But, while there are moments when he descends to the level of the composer of

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'Chu Chin Chow'—Turandot's own theme is an instance of that kind of sham orientalism in music—there are also some when he rises to his own. The death of Liu, which is the last thing Puccini wrote, is as good as anything he ever did; and the trio at the beginning of the second Act is not only that, but shows that Puccini was able to explore new musical ground with complete success. Unfortunately, the music is weakest just where it should be strongest, during and after the riddle-scene. Even here Puccini's mastery of stage effect, which is as conspicuous as ever throughout the opera, nearly saves the situation. Effect! One cannot get away from the word, when writing of him. Yet how little permanent value music has which relies mainly on effect was shown in the deplorable performance of 'Les Huguenots' last week. In its day Meyerbeer's opera was considered tremendously effective. Yet now even the famous 'Benediction des poignards,' which alone was capably done, rings false and hollow. Compare 'Turandot' with 'Aida,' and you will see how much, despite good patches, Puccini's spectacular work falls short of Verdi's in musical interest, which alone will give lasting value to an opera. The performances of both these works, if one excepts the singing of the title-part in 'Turandot,' was superb. I have seen many performances of 'Aida,' but none of such all-round excellence.

H.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

OPERATIC excerpts are prominent in the current supplements issued by the Gramophone Company. Of topical interest are some excerpts from Puccini's 'Turandot,' which consist of a selection played by the Covent Garden Orchestra under Malcolm Sargent and two choruses recorded at the Scala Theatre, Milan, under Panizza. Puccini has laid on the Chinese orchestral colour in slabs and with his usual skill. The March from the second scene of Act II is very magnificent, an orchestral counterpart to the splendid scene. The brief excerpt from Act III is the work of Alfano, who completed Puccini's score. Kipnis's performance of Wotan's 'Abschied,' from 'Die Walküre,' is of more permanent value. It is a fine record from every point of view. The record of the duet from Act I of 'Otello,' sung by Spani and Zenatello, is less satisfactory. This tender and lyrical love-scene is meant to form a contrast to the swift action and conflict which has gone before. That result is not achieved when the tenor hawls his sweet nothings into the audience's ears, instead of whispering them to Desdemona. The soprano is fairly good, but has not the pure, clear tone the part demands.

There are several good Mozart records, but among them I do not include Elisabeth Schumann's singing of 'Non so piu,' from 'Figaro.' Hardly a note of it is cleanly attacked and "scooping" is a deadly sin in Mozart. Her singing of Susanna's air from the second act is better, though not free from the same fault. The overtures to 'Figaro' and 'Così fan Tutte,' played by the Berlin Opera Orchestra, under Leo Blech, are admirable. The tone is good and the orchestration comes out clearly. The performances are very crisp and are on the whole a model of Mozart-playing. The 'Così' Overture is, perhaps, taken a trifle too fast for the delightful wood-wind figures to get their full effect. The Columbia Company also issue a good record of the 'Figaro' Overture played by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire under Philippe Gaubert. The opening of it is, however, almost too soft to be audible. This record forms the fourth side of a recording of Dukas's 'L'Apprenti Sorcier,' which is excellently done. The brilliant

orchestration comes out with astonishing fidelity. Paderewski has recorded Chopin's Study in E major (Opus 10, No. 3), and Schubert's familiar Impromptu in A flat for the Gramophone Company. These are his first electric recordings. The pianoforte tone is no truer than usual, and no worse. But these records will be valuable as souvenirs of the style of a great pianist in the days when he is no longer to be heard in the flesh. For they reproduce faithfully enough his admirable interpretations.

H.

ART

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

M R. A. GÉRARD-BOULTON, in the correspondence columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW, has posed the unanswerable, immemorial question: What is Beauty? His letter arises out of an article of mine and a letter from Mr. Lee-Hankey. I do not propose anything so foolish as an attempt to answer that question in the space of a column or so, particularly as nobody has ever answered it to universal satisfaction. But I would like to clear up a misunderstanding. The word "beauty," in criticism, has really two distinct meanings. It was to get away from this confusion that Mr. Clive Bell introduced the word "significant." We may call these a high and a low meaning. When Mr. Lee-Hankey asks me if I can tell him of "one picture painted before the present orgy of Bolshevism" in art by an admittedly great master, which has not been inspired by something in nature which has stimulated the perception of beauty in the painter, I must answer that I cannot, nor can I find masterpieces of the present orgy which have not been so stimulated. His query begs the question because of this difficulty over the word "beauty." In my original article I was referring to the low meaning. I used such phrases as the "obviously beautiful." I particularly used this epithet before the phrase which Mr. Gérard-Boulton quotes: "The artist usually turns away from it because, in his modesty, he is afraid he has nothing new to say."

Let me attempt to distinguish these "beauties." The low beauty, which I have called the artistic platitude, is that quality in the natural object which makes everybody, however insensitive, exclaim: "How beautiful!" I instanced bluebells, or a white horse under apple trees in blossom. Merely to reproduce this is, I contend, not art, because it is not creative: it is merely repetitive. The high beauty, on the other hand, is a quality (or emotion) in the perceiver: that thrill which he suddenly experiences, and which may be induced by *anything*. It is purely subjective. The nature of that thrill is too complex even to be discussed here, far less defined. But this may be suggested: that it is a recognition of order and relationship; a sudden perception of the tune made by one colour with another, one form with another. The moment that relationship is perceived, beauty (in the high meaning) is born in the perceiver's eye. If he can express that relationship in any way, he creates a thing of beauty (in the high meaning) and is an artist.

I have recently visited three exhibitions belonging, I suppose, to the present "orgy." At the delightful new *Warren Gallery*, 30a Maddox Street, are water-colours and drawings by Mr. Paul Nash, and paintings by a promising new-comer, Mr. Adrian Daintrey. The Modern English Water-Colour Society are showing at the *St. George's Gallery*, 32a George Street, Hanover Square, and the *London*

Artists' Association, at their own gallery, 163 New Bond Street.

The majority of the work in these exhibitions is English Landscape. In many cases the subjects were beautiful (in the low meaning): they would have produced the commonplace exclamations from "Ramblers." But the pictures are not, mostly, beautiful in that way. The artists, trained in the austere vision of to-day, have put aside that low beauty and sought after, and very often found, the high. That means that they say something new about more or less hackneyed subjects. Yet they are careful to avoid the too hackneyed. There are no blue hills, no white horses.

Mr. Paul Nash, who is a master of landscape in the grand style, displays a cool, ordered control over nature, like that of Claude. He puts in just so much as is necessary to define the exact shape of an object and its exact relationship to every other object in his design. He is never led astray by a patch of moss, however rich its colour, a bough of a tree, however graceful its sweep. He has perceived a particular design and he rigorously cuts out everything that does not belong to that design. He regards nature, as he has once said himself, as a series of hints. He uses them to create his little unity, so that it may be a complete expression of the whole vast, ungraspable unity of nature. The "reproductionists" only paint bits, pretty bits. They make no attempt at this lofty synthesis.

But there is another expression of this high beauty—the romantic. Mr. Wright Hall, a new-comer to the Modern English, is a remarkably effective exponent of this. It may, without disparagement, be called the literary approach. Landscape is used to express a mood in the seer, a reaction which is similar to our reactions to human drama. Nature is perceived as charged with passions, rather than as an orderly arrangement. Charlotte Brontë perceived it in this way; so did El Greco. Here, also, there is room for the high and low beauty, as the sentiment, the human drama suggested is profound or commonplace. There is the kind of landscape which expresses the little grey home in the West sentiment, and the kind which expresses the 'Wuthering Heights' sentiment.

This, I hope, may clear up one misunderstanding, and absolve me from the apparent contradiction with which Mr. Gérard-Boulton charges me. True, I said artists turned away from beauty; that is from the low, obvious, non-æsthetic beauty. True, I said also that artists try to prove that ugliness does not exist. "But how can they do this when they have turned away from beauty?" Mr. Gérard-Boulton asks. They have not, in the high meaning: they are seeking it. The cause of this confusion is not my confusion, but that of the English language.

The common man, seeing a foul old beggar pass in the street, looks away in disgust; Rembrandt invited him into his studio. The beauty which Rembrandt saw in his beggars was quite different from the beauty a Tooting typist sees in a rose. The difference is not of degree: it is of kind. And never the twain shall meet.

WITH SPRINGING CORN

By J. B. MORTON

"WITH springing corn my furrows will fill,"
I hear you singing over the hill;
And soon, before the fall of leaves,
I'll meet you carrying your sheaves.
Beside my field I wait alone.
Deep the furrow, and nothing sown.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—67

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for the best suggestions for a Literary Competition to be set in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Only one problem is required, and it may be either verse or prose. Competitors are warned against the almost irresistible temptation to be too clever.

The Editor will pay a fee of One Guinea for any problem other than the prize-winning problems that may be subsequently set for competition.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-line epigram upon the contents of Joanna Southcott's Box, assuming the box to have been opened, and to have been found to be empty.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 67A, or LITERARY 67B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, June 20, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 65

SET BY GERALD BARRY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into English, in sonnet form, of the following:

LE BONHEUR DE CE MONDE

*Avoir une maison commode, propre et belle,
Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,
Des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train, peu d'enfants,
Posséder seul sans bruit une femme fidèle.*

*N'avoir dettes, amour, ni procès, ni querelle,
Ni de partage à faire avecque ses parens,
Se contenter de peu, n'espérer rien des Grands,
Régler tous ses desseins sur un juste modèle.*

*Vivre avecque franchise et sans ambition,
S'adonner sans scrupule à la dévotion,
Domter ses passions, les rendre obéissantes.*

*Conserver l'esprit libre, et le jugement fort,
Dire son Chapelet en cultivant ses entes,
C'est attendre chez soi bien doucement la mort.*

CHRISTOPHE PLANTIN

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a dissertation by Mr. Pooter ("author" of 'The Diary of a Nobody'), in not more than 350 words, on "Listening-In."

REPORT FROM MR. GERALD BARRY

65A. I recognized when I set it that this was not an easy problem. Plantin's poem does not lend itself readily to translation into an English sonnet: it is difficult to prevent it from becoming a catalogue, and that is a difficulty very few competitors have been successful in avoiding. There was a large number of entries, and almost all of them achieved a certain dead level of competence, but inspiration was at a discount. There was, to be sure, inspiration of a kind in the effort of Muriel Malvern, who stuck nobly to translation up to and including the sixth line, and then, despairingly admitting in the seventh that the qualities enumerated by Plantin could be sung "in better rhymes" by the poets, plunged at the eighth into the vortex of original composition on an entirely different subject, almost as though she had the lines by her and felt them to be too good to waste. There was also the competitor who closed an indifferent sonnet with the line: "And so wait quietly for death—O Lord, how long?"—as though he disapproved of deferred payment. Most competitors clung too closely to the original to allow any poetry to creep into their work, but by far the commonest fault was the failure to realize, or at all events to retain, the slight flavour of cynicism in Plantin's sonnet which makes it so delicious. All who thus failed were disqualified from the outset: they left out the salt from the dish. Among the remainder, good lines were to be found here and there, but few consistently good pieces of work. I must commend Ruth Glazebrook for entering so freely—far too freely to get a prize—into the spirit of the poem. Her translation is, properly speaking, not a translation at all, but it succeeds far better than the majority of the literal attempts in conveying the poet's attitude of mind, and I quote it, despite its bad last line:

Give me a house that's clean and full of books,
Set in an orchard where the fruit hangs low.
Good wine, few neighbours, children that I know
Are mine; whose mother is the best of cooks.

A wife who's happy doing household chores
And does not care for gaiety and fashion;
No debts, no quarrels, no disturbing passion,
No family disputes with my "in-laws."

An income large enough—no wretched bills,
No toadying to uncles for their wills.
To take an interest in wholesome sport,
Plant cabbages, and hunt the fox in season;
To practise the religion I was taught,
And when I'm old and die not lose my reason.

At the last, three entries were left in, none of them first-class, but all having definite points over all others. I award the first prize, not without misgiving, to Lester Ralph. He has missed the point of *n'espérer rien des Grands* (as an astonishing number of competitors did: it means exactly what it says; why did nearly everyone go out of the way to rob it of its point by translating it in some such way as Mr. Ralph does?), and he has distinctly overdone the cynicism in places, particularly in his tenth and last lines. He should have used his pen as a rapier, not as a bludgeon.

But on the whole he has succeeded in combining the essence of the poem with a sufficiently faithful rendering to entitle him to first honours. I particularly like his title. The second prize goes to Duff Cooper, who obeys the maxim of his eighth line by observing in all his lines an even tone. I recommend that an extra prize of half a guinea be given to Edward Agate,

whose sonnet, otherwise stilted, is relieved by the neatness of its fourth line, which exactly gets the sense of the original (here, again, almost everyone failed: there was one good attempt in "To own a wife who's faithful past all telling"), and also of its last but one. H. C. M., J. B., M. H. C., Nurglop, and Margaret Theobald are highly commended.

FIRST PRIZE

A PLANTAIN'S PHILOSOPHY

A good house, clean, commodious, your own,
A garden, sweet with fruit-trees spreading o'er
Its walls, good wine, a child or so, no more,
No fuss, a wife possessed by you alone.

To have no debts, love, lawsuits, ne'er a bone
Contentious, no kin to share your store,
Cheaply content, no Great Ones to adore,
And plot your life on lines approved and known.

Live open and above-board, modestly,
And, ruthless, court respectability,
Taming your passions, making them obey.
With mind that's free, to soundest judgment wed,
Say prayers, with one eye on the rainy day,
So vie with cabbages until you're dead.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

EARTHLY HAPPINESS

A fair and fitting house that stands alone,
A garden, walled with fruit trees in a line,
Good fruit, small pomp, few children, best of wine,
A faithful, quiet lady, all your own.
Of debts, of love or law affairs have none.
With relatives no sharing or combine,
Hope nothing from the great, nor seek to shine,
Observe in all your acts an even tone.

Keep broad your mind, but your opinions clear,
Untouched by doubt and unashamed of prayer,
Live simply, let ambition tempt you not,
Teach passions to obey nor let them roam,
But tell your beads and tend your garden plot,
And so wait peacefully for death—at home.

DUFF COOPER

THIRD PRIZE

LIFE'S HAPPINESS

Give me a dwelling, roomy, neat and clean,
A garden hung with ripe and fragrant fruit,
Good vintage wine, few children, no dispute,
An honest wife, unheard if not unseen,
No light-o'-love, no debts nor law-suit mean
With relatives, my riches would compute;
Let me not envy rank, but prosecute
A level-headed life, sedate, serene.

To keep an open mind and judgment sound,
To master passion, bidding her behave,
To pay attention to the call of pray'r;
Upright and free, for glory ne'er to crave,
But cultivate religion and the ground—
This is for death in comfort to prepare.

EDWARD AGATE

65B. I was shocked to receive so few entries for this problem. It may be my fault: I may have set a bad subject, but I honestly do not think so. It seemed to me at the time, and still does, that the topic of Listening-in exactly lends itself to Mr. Pooter's suburban treatment. Can it be that 'The Diary of a Nobody' is not known to readers of the SATURDAY? Of the entries received, some came too late for adjudication, and the others were not up to standard. No prize is awarded.

BACK NUMBERS—XXVII

AMONG the minor questions not yet examined by historians of nineteenth-century English literature is that of the peculiar development of literary taste in the 'eighties and early 'nineties which gave prominence to such a writer as Rider Haggard. He and a little later Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman were a good deal more than authors of "best sellers." They counted, with numbers of intelligent readers, as no writer of tales of adventure or detective stories or sword-and-cape romances could now. A great public was willing, for some years, to read pretty much what schoolboys enjoyed. Various explanations might be offered. It might be hazarded that people, suddenly realizing how safe life had become, were seized with a craving for books of adventure. It might—but this is perhaps taking the matter a little too seriously. And my business, if gossiping round writers can be called business, is with Rider Haggard only.

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He was several sorts of novelist. When he wrote novels of ordinary life, all his defects were glaringly visible, and his characteristic merits could barely be found in the work. He had in truth only two inspirations, the epic rise and fall of the Zulus, and the idea that animates 'She.' When he was moved by those subjects, he became, despite all his faults, a very considerable writer indeed. Take the Zulu stories. Every one of them has thoroughly bad pages; the writing is often rough; the openings are nearly always vague; the characters are monotonously made on three or four models; but the final effect is undeniably impressive.

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In his novels of ordinary life, Rider Haggard seemed incapable of making a character express any strong emotion without using stilted and worn language. He was never secure in the use of words, but there are passages in the Zulu tales where, in the endeavour to reproduce primitive speech, Rider Haggard makes his people talk with a forceful simplicity, even, surprisingly, with some feeling for rhythm. Whether he understood Zulus as perfectly as was supposed thirty years ago is a question for which I care nothing. What matters is that, whenever the story of the rise and decadence of that fighting people was in his mind, Rider Haggard was truly moved and became capable of moving others.

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That there should be white characters in those Zulu books was necessary for Rider Haggard's purpose, and in Allan he certainly found a good medium for narration. I do not suppose that Rider Haggard troubled himself much about technique, and there is evidence that some at least of his books were written at excessive speed and without any clear plan, but he knew instinctively that the wilder the story the more sober should be the teller. Defoe taught that lesson to writers of English fiction, and it has seldom been forgotten. That strange and dreadful things should happen, in remote countries, to a white man in some respects very matter-of-fact—that was highly effective. But what Rider Haggard forgot was that, though it is well to use that contrast, it was necessary to establish a certain underlying appropriateness of character to experience. In Allan Quatermain he invented a person who was at once (in many ways)

the plain man and a hero worthy of his adventures; I doubt whether any other of his white characters was on a level with his or her fate.

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Years ago Mr. George Moore put his finger on this weakness in Rider Haggard's work. I forget the precise terms of his denunciation, but he implied that Rider Haggard was deliberately pandering to a new democratic demand that the strangest and finest experiences amid the most romantic surroundings should befall vulgar people. But it is not necessary to postulate a base intention. Rider Haggard, it may be assumed, was insensitive to the inadequacy of most of his white characters. His Zulus he probably, in his hasty way, projected on to his pages without bothering to inquire whether they were or were not on the same plane as their grim experiences; it was his luck that they nearly always were.

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Time turns the old days to derision; almost everything becomes in due a weariness; and for myself I am now comparatively cool about Zulus. Those old agitations over Red Indians are not to be revived now; piracy is a thing on which, after the age of twelve, it is impossible to look back with wistfulness; and Rider Haggard's assegai-hurling heroes do not any longer thrill me. But to open one of his better books is to find, with surprise, that they are genuinely alive, that they are more than the puppets of the ordinary tale of adventure.

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If justice is to be done to Rider Haggard, and it is to be feared that the SATURDAY REVIEW took little notice of his fiction when he was living, I think the Zulu stories must be considered together. Between them, they give us a complete picture of that extraordinary military despotism. It may or may not be a strictly accurate picture, but at least it is coherent and vivid, with a certain grandeur which is not destroyed by the frequent enough mishandling of detail. That those stories and 'She' will be totally forgotten I do not believe. They are not fine literature, but there is vitality in them, and from time to time they will find favour with readers fatigued by subtler fiction. Savagery is the refuge of the over-civilized, and Rider Haggard has a monopoly of one kind of it. The superior person may protest that when all that sweat runs and blood springs forth he is never sorry; I was being slightly superior myself a paragraph or so earlier; but the most lofty brows will occasionally occupy themselves with slaughter in a vanished South Africa, and sigh over the fall of a race of great fighters.

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As Lewis Carroll wrote mathematical works when he was not producing 'Alice' and 'The Hunting of the Snark,' so Rider Haggard turned periodically from the writing which won him great popularity to the production of solid books on agricultural England and reports on schemes for settling British immigrants in the Dominions. They were, for his public, much what Stevenson's Samoan propaganda was for admirers of 'Treasure Island' and 'Virginibus Puerisque.' They earned him a vague respect, but I understand they were not much read, and my own casual inspection of them, years ago, did not encourage me to read on. It was the romance writer who mattered. He left romances unpublished when he died; we review one elsewhere this week; but it is as a writer of the 'eighties and early 'nineties that we must think of him.

STET.

REVIEWS

POETRY AND PSYCHOLOGY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Poems (1914-1926). By Robert Graves. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

IN a long note to a poem called 'The Marmosite's Miscellany,' which he published two years ago under an assumed name, Mr. Graves remarks that "Georgians shrink from psychological analysis in any form." I do not know what "Georgian" means, though I have an indefinable notion of what Mr. Graves means by it. But if there ever was a Georgian, he was one. He was one of the poets who came to light during the second half of the war and he was three times copiously represented in Mr. Edward Marsh's anthology, from which the word was in the first instance derived. He does not now, however, shrink from psychological analysis: he rather embraces it. And that, one must conclude, is the difference between the earlier part of Mr. Graves's poetical career, in which he was a Georgian, and the later part, still proceeding, in which he is not. Both parts are presented to us in this collection, which is not quite as inclusive as it might have been, but which includes enough to make some sort of judgment possible.

A prefatory note says that "among the numerous suppressions are poems like 'The Patchwork Bonnet' and 'Double Red Daisies' that have not only appeared in magazines and the volumes mentioned but repeatedly in popular anthologies; from which any reader who has come to like them can copy them into the blank pages of this book: but without any encouragement from the author who, as it is, has given the benefit of the doubt to too many merely 'anthology pieces.'" The first of the two poems here named has escaped my memory: I remember the second with some pleasure, and I cannot help asking myself on what principle Mr. Graves has excluded it, while retaining "mere anthology pieces" so decidedly of the second rate as 'Mirror, Mirror!' and 'The Cupboard.' Indeed, if, as one assumes, Mr. Graves's omissions have been dictated by his progress from "Georgianism" to "psychological analysis," it is difficult to understand how he could bring himself to preserve more than ten or fifteen of the first sixty pages in this collection.

But the progression from one state of mind to another is evident and it is interesting. The reproach most often levelled against the so-called Georgian poets (as often by themselves as by anyone else) came in the end, though it was variously put, to want of ambition. They were (and they were) too frequently content with their little safe effects, their week-end impressions, their fanciful quaintnesses, their excursions along foot-paths mapped and fenced. The later poetry of Mr. Graves represents an attempt to escape from these limitations and, since he is always original and sincere and always, even though we derive the conviction from intermittent flashes, unmistakably a man of genius, there is likely to be some profit in a consideration of what the attempt has so far been worth.

Let us take, then, one poem from the section he dates 1923-1925. It is called 'The Clipped Stater,' it is dedicated to "Thomas Edward Shaw" and it appears to be an effort to discover some explanation of, and some universal meaning in, the apparent eccentricity of a remarkable man. Alexander

He weeps: the occasion, documented well,
Begins my now for the first time recorded
And philosophic tale of "The Clipped Stater"
(Though how it came to me I must not tell).

Alexander, in a fever of mind,
Reasons, "Omnipotence by its very nature
Is infinite possibility and purpose,
Which must embrace, that it can be confined."

Then Finitude is true Godhead's final test,
Nor does it shear the grandeur from Free Being;
"I must fulfil my self by self-destruction."
The curious phrase renews his conquering zest.

He assumes man's flesh. Djinn catch him up and fly
To a land of yellow men beyond his knowledge,
And that he does not know them, he takes gladly
For surest proof he has put his godhead by.

This last stanza, read in conjunction with the end of the poem, seems to mean that Alexander believes himself to be out of his own world altogether. But the doubt illustrates the difficulties in which Mr. Graves is already involved. Alexander is pressed for a soldier by the strange people and sent to a frontier post where he undergoes discipline and punishment and the diversions of the troops. At last there is a long-delayed distribution of pay, and his share is a coin bearing his own head:

He stands in a troubled reverie of doubt
Till a whip stings his shoulders and a voice bellows,
"Are you dissatisfied, you scum of the ditches?"
So he salutes again and turns about.

But he cannot fathom what the event may mean.
Was his lost Empire, then, not all-embracing?
And how does the stater, though defaced, owe service
To a God that is as if he had never been?

Is he still God? No, truly. Then all he knows
Is, he must keep the course he has resolved on;
He spends the coin on a feast of fish and almonds
And back to the ramparts briskly enough he goes.

This is perhaps not a favourable but, on the whole, not an unfair example of Mr. Graves's poetry of "psychological analysis." Its mechanical obscurity, which is excessive, is the least of its defects. The worst of them is that it is a formula intellectually conceived and not quite half transformed into a poetic myth. Mr. Graves's feeling for the subject of his reflections may have been great, but when he came to analyse he had no stronger emotion than the curiosity which may lead a man through a problem in mathematics. And that emotion is not strong enough, as Mr. Graves demonstrates again and again.

The example is not unfair: the general scope of the foregoing argument, I must admit, is, since I have done no justice to Mr. Graves's real gifts. He has a masculine quaintness of mind, not the too frequently effeminate quaintness of these days. His poetic instinct enables him to use all sorts of odd fragments of knowledge which he has collected instinctively. But he is burdened with an uneven and ill-digested erudition which he imagines to be more extensive than in fact it is. Thus, in some magisterial remarks on modern literature, he tells us that Samuel Butler would have enjoyed Mr. Lytton Strachey's books (as though there was any instance of Butler enjoying the works of a successful contemporary!) and that Mr. Strachey "won his successes by a bold research in sacrosanct records, such as the Greville Memoirs, which have hitherto been kept locked away from the public." Is it necessary to observe that the important bulk of the Greville Memoirs has been in the hands of the public for more than half a century and that Mr. Strachey really does not owe his success to the few facts of real importance which he gleaned among the suppressed passages?

The impression conveyed to me by this collection is that Mr. Graves's technique of psychological analysis is on a level with his erudition. It is imperfect and imperfectly understood by him. But what I have no doubt of is that it does not help him to poetry—to

Now meditates, "No land of all known lands
Has offered me resistance, none denies me
Infinite power, infinite thought and knowledge;
What now awaits the assurance of my hands?"

something curious and interesting but no better than that. This review is, let me say it again and as emphatically as I can, very unjust to the whole Mr. Graves. But I take refuge in the defence that to be just to him I should have had to quote pieces which in his present frame of mind he must be ashamed of having written.

MEN, NOT WALLS

National Character and the Factors in its Formation. By Ernest Barker. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

"MEN are visible bodies, inhabiting a visible territory; but they are also invisible minds, dwelling in invisible buildings which their minds have made." This sentence, which occurs in various forms several times in the course of the volume, might fairly be taken as Dr. Barker's text. For his book is really a sustained protest against any determinist view of history. It is a study of national character "and the factors in its formation," the chief of which is the nation itself. If it is true for nations as well as for men to say that "character is destiny," that does not mean either that character is the mere resultant of non-moral forces, nor that it is an irrevocable datum—one of the "things which cannot be otherwise"—issuing in its inevitable effects. The dominant factor in all history is the "ineluctable mind of man" with its power to modify environment, to choose and to create its habitations. As one reads there runs through the head the great chorus in 'Antigone':

Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κύνειν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει

and what is in form an academic treatise becomes a call to constructive action. And it has throughout a practical purpose. It is the Stevenson lecture in Citizenship clothed in literary dress; and it is approached by the historical method. But, in Croce's words, all history is contemporary history; and Civics, says the preface, "is best handled, not as an abstract subject, but as something involved and immersed in the stream of historical processes." For us, who have been baptized into England, our own history is the best "immersion." Hence, Dr. Barker's book becomes, in effect, a grave study of "this England," which inevitably provokes comparison, by its balanced judgment and documented knowledge, with the rather insubstantial prejudices with which the subject was recently discussed by a brilliant ecclesiastical journalist.

A nation, like a man, says Dr. Barker, inherits a certain bodily structure and certain innate predispositions; some common to our kind, some proper to our immediate stock. This raw material is moulded, partly by social discipline, partly by repeated acts of choice, in lines that gradually become definite. "That settled form is character—[what McDougall calls] the sum of acquired tendencies built upon native bases." The physical bases of a nation are partly racial, partly geographical; on these it builds its spiritual superstructure. The author effectively exposes the absurd speculations of theoretic racialism. He shows, for example, that the "Celtic" complex rests on a hopeless confusion between racial and linguistic classification: the people among us who speak Celtic languages are primarily of Mediterranean stock. ("There is no temperament which belongs to the Celtic peoples in virtue of Celtic blood or race, since there is no such blood or any such race.") The "Nordic myth," invented by Count Gobineau, he describes as "a cloud, intended as a nimbus, which has deepened into a fog." Our mixed Nordic and Mediterranean ancestry may be the base of that characteristic fusion of grave and gay in the national temperament; but race is not the determining factor.

"A race is a physical classification, and a nation is a spiritual fact." Nor is geography a destiny. Dr. Barker here adopts from L. Febvre the theory of "regional possibilities." Environment is not always the same, we change it by selective attention, and our own reaction to it. Hence, while frontiers, for example, profoundly influence political developments, yet to influence is not to control. The territory of a given people, its climate, contours, minerals and so forth, does not predetermine its history, but rather provides certain opportunities among which that people can choose, and can change its choice as circumstances alter. It gives "a sum of possibilities—not as a destiny which determines, but an area of choice which, by the selection it makes, the society itself determines." The sea may act as an isolating factor and make islanders insular. For centuries it did so with the English; but it need not, and in the fifteenth century "we took to the sea, by choice, and not by destiny." It is men, not walls, that make a city.

The third physical base is population. The author's treatment of vital statistics deserves fuller discussion than can be given here. He has little sympathy for "birth-control," and thinks that the fear of overpopulation is very largely a bogey. Our population will soon reach stability, and remain constant till 2011. Statistics at present show a marked predominance of the elderly over the youthful, and "it is often the balked ability of the young which breeds extremist views." But his main point is that density of population is correlative to occupation, and occupations are the invention of man, so that even the population question, so fundamental to politics and ethics, is, again, not merely something "given." Discussing the industrial revolution, Dr. Barker suggests that great industry did not so much create the great town as release and provide opportunities for satisfying the ineradicable gregarious instinct. "Men praise the country, but dwell, if they can, in the town"; and the supreme need for education is not to improve the efficiency of work, but to correct the effects of it in our industrial communities, living in such "intolerable propinquity" that personality is swamped.

This last sentence shows which way the wind is blowing. When it comes to the spiritual superstructure—"the house which men's spirits have made for themselves to dwell in"—it is clear that the writer, as an educationist, and as one saturated with the 'Republic,' gives the palm to the pedagogue. It is true that in the chapters on politics he pays generous and characteristic tribute to the part played by the Judiciary and the formulation of the Common Law in moulding our distinctive English *ethos*. There is also a chapter on literature and language, and a fine *aperçu* of Religion—the best chapter, this, in the book. But the Church has "handed to the teacher and to the school a torch which was once kept burning by the preacher and uplifted in church and chapel." True as this is, it may be suggested that it is in part a matter of terminology. It all depends what is meant by the Church, as will become apparent in a moment. But it was while he mused on education that the fire kindled in the author, and at the last he let himself go. We wish we had space to quote the fine passage in which he discusses, in that biblical language which seems natural to him when he is deeply moved, the two ideals of education—the static (caste) ideal and the dynamic. The great fact is that now at long last the nation has made itself responsible for a national system of education. This is the beginning of a new era, the era of conscious control, in which education will be the dominant factor. "What matters here is the simple fact that the agents of the purpose are consciously seeking to exercise an influence directly on national character." And though he is not blind to its dangers, the author feels that his eyes have now seen salvation:

It is not an occupational society which we need to achieve in this country, but rather . . . an educational society—a society set, as Spinoza would say, to the cultivation of the true life which is the life of the mind. . . . It was such a society which Plato saw, as in a vision, in his *Republic*: it is such a society which we must seek to see, as in a vision, in the future. This educational society, if it ever comes down from the heavens, will fill our minds with a ready patriotism. . . . And because its nature is that of an educational society, it will train and perfect the character of the nation in which it is set, "blotting out this, and writing in that, until it makes the characters of men, as far as may be, pleasing to God" (p. 279).

Besides Plato, there is Bosanquet: and what Bosanquet and the author call "Society" is what St. Paul and others call "the Church."

This book cannot be called popular. It makes a large demand of the reader, which, however, it amply repays; and the space which we have devoted to it shows our estimate of its importance. And if it be a test of "readableness" to hold the attention on a channel steamer, then (*experto crede*) it passes with credit. It is in the authentic line of *Literæ Humaniores*: a humane, fruitful, stimulating book.

TRAVEL RAPTURES

In Praise of France. By Stephen Gwynn. Nisbet. 10s. 6d.

Bouquet. By G. B. Stern. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

The Land of the Rhone. By Hugh Quigley. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Motor Rambles in Central Europe. By Frank C. Rimington. Methuen. 15s.

To the Land of the Eagle. By Paul Edmonds. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Unknown Devon. By L. du Garde Peach. The Bodley Head. 15s.

Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. (The Kitbag Travel Books.) Harrap. 7s. 6d.

"THE rapture of travel," says Mr. Hugh Quigley, can be reserved, in its genuine flavour, only for him "who is content with well-trodden pathways and richly-storied landscapes," wherein may be found the whole "glory of the human drama unfolded through the centuries"—in fact, the kind of traveller for whom "an Atlas supporting a defaced world on a crumbling Roman wall in Vaison has an appeal more moving than the widespread panorama of mountain and stretches of virgin forest." That, no doubt, is one kind of travel rapture, and perhaps the best. But it is not the whole story.

Consider, for instance, the much more obvious, and luscious, and sensual raptures of travel, unblushingly placed before us by Miss G. B. Stern and Mr. Stephen Gwynn. These distinguished writers went to France for the food and the drinks. Mr. Gwynn, it is true, had other motives, but he soon forgets them; and Miss Stern quite frankly set out upon a wine-tasting expedition through the Rhone valley, Burgundy and Bordeaux, which she had apparently been contemplating for years. And let no man who has not attempted to write a novel assert that she did not deserve it! But it is extraordinarily hard to take her seriously. She tastes hundreds of wines—Hermilage, Vouvray, Burgundy, Sauterne—all the way round from Arles to Bordeaux and back, and pronounces a clear-cut verdict upon every one of them. There are no reservations, and but little attempt at description; her adjectives are those of the wine-merchant's catalogue—she admits she can think of no better. The wine is good or bad, and that is the end of the matter. And who is Miss Stern—a woman, mark you—to enter this seat of judgment? The objection makes her indignant:

Has not a woman eyes, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, even as a man has? And have we not palates, intelligence, taste, subtlety, and a fastidious discrimination—even as a man has?

But it will not do. As the wine-growers of Anjou explained to Mr. Gwynn, they dare not let a woman into any place where wine is working. "*Il y a de l'influence*," they say: these perilous creatures may affect the fermentation." Women and wine are not friends, but rivals. And, in proof, here is Mr. Gwynn, following much the same itinerary as Miss Stern, pausing in the same towns, interviewing the same M. Calvet at Bordeaux—a great man, M. Calvet—sipping the same vintages as he goes. But what a difference! How reverent his approach, how carefully qualified his opinions! Wine, one feels, was not a mere incident of the journey to him, as it surely was to the cheery "Stern" party. He sees all France through wine-coloured spectacles. Like Miss Stern, he shakes his head over Chateau Yquem, but decides that even the sweetest Sauternes may be drunk with peaches and cream cheese. In Anjou he very properly remembers that Athos liked Anjou wine, though Professor Saintsbury does not. He has a chapter headed 'Brillat-Savarin's Country,' and takes with him on that particular trip a copy of 'La France Gastronomique,' by Rouff and Cournoussky, of which he makes good use. In fact, he has written a delightful book. But so has Miss Stern: she may lack Mr. Gwynn's "background," but it would be impossible to imagine a pleasanter travelling companion. In short, these two end-of-the-season books are among the very best travel memoirs of the lighter sort that have appeared in the past year. They have just one fault—they give away, without compunction, the names and addresses of every one of their "discoveries" among the inns and restaurants of France. One at least of Mr. Gwynn's readers has found it hard to forgive some of his indiscretions.

Mr. Quigley, as indicated, writes in more serious vein. His pages are full of information—too full, to be frank. It is sometimes difficult to see the wood for the trees. But he has put a tremendous lot of work into it, and anyone intending to visit the valley of the Rhone might do very much worse than spend an afternoon with his chapters on the history, art and literature of the district. He makes an admirable chapter (his best) out of the sarcophagi of Arles, and carries his story down to the Impressionist school of painters. It would be an interesting experiment to pack him up in the same suit-case with Miss Stern's 'Bouquet.' Mr. Rimington, by way of contrast, does not tell us enough. He will detain us for pages describing a church, without even mentioning whether its style is Romanesque or Gothic. To say that a town is "replete with qualities to enhance the pleasure of being welcomed by it," merely determines his readers never to give it the chance.

Mr. Paul Edmonds, the author of 'Peacocks and Pagodas,' seeks his raptures, once again, in far-off lands. In Montenegro and Albania his special delight, as heretofore, is to be off the beaten track where the tourists lounge—to mix with the people in their daily life, to share their humble lodgings, even to have as a room-mate an Americanized Albanian who pulled off his boots with the genial remark—but no, it is too horrible to quote. And in the end he does it all at a total cost that puts even the inn at Saugues to shame. Albania is a country of contrasts. Mr. Edmonds travelled to Tirana, over impossible roads by pack-horse, and went on from there to Scutari by aeroplane. There is now a regular air service, it appears. He is an excellent traveller; he keeps his eyes open, and is in a mood to be pleased. It is of set policy, no doubt, that he arrives in a country with so little previous knowledge of it; but one experiences a mild shock when he refers to "the Sunis, a sect of Mohammedans," as though he had never heard of them

before. It is, of course, like describing the Catholic Church as "a sect of Christians"—or worse.

And so home. Back to our well-known Devon, with Mr. Peach and Mr. Russell, who know it even better than most of us, but must still persist in calling it "unknown." They could hardly have done their work better. The delightful surprises of Devon, its contrasts, its sudden changes from agricultural to maritime—"the blue sea, the second home of Devon men"—are admirably brought out in Mr. Peach's very readable letterpress and in Mr. Russell's mellow colour work. They make us feel that travel raptures, like charity, might very well begin—and end, perhaps—at home. It is a book without method, as its author admits, but it meanders most attractively, and it carries its atmosphere along with it. Mr. Gwynn, too, is home again from France, and it is hardly necessary to add that this Irish guide-book of his is much more than an ordinary guide-book. It gives all the facts, but it gives them cheerfully and readably, and adds here and there a personal touch which marks it off agreeably enough from the frigid objectivity of a Baedeker.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft. By William Godwin. Edited with a Preface, a Supplement and a Bibliographical Note by W. Clark Durant. Constable. 31s. 6d.

MR. CLARK DURANT gives us a critical edition of the text of Godwin's 'Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft,' and adds supplementary matter which fills more than half the volume. He is a somewhat gushing and exuberant editor. He begins his book with a solemn admonition to librarians not to index Mary Wollstonecraft's works under the heading 'Godwin,' which he concludes as follows:

Give this lady's brilliant genius a possible chance to arise from those dark troubled waters of the River Lethe in which it has been so long undeservedly submerged. Remove that false label!—and then you may observe if the name Mary Wollstonecraft be not once more spoken in the same tone of loving admiration that was used by her friends of that period and even by those of a later generation.

Well, the name of Mary Wollstonecraft is not entirely forgotten, and in spite of all this there is something to be said for her. Count von Schlabrendorf, her most enthusiastic admirer, called her the noblest, purest and most intelligent woman he had ever met. Southey prefixed to his poem, entitled 'The Triumph of Woman,' a dedication to her, and Blake made engravings (nearly a dozen of the drawings for which are here reproduced) for two of her books. Mary Shelley spoke of her mother as "one of those beings who appear . . . to gild humanity with a ray which no difference of opinion nor chance of circumstances can cloud. Her genius was undeniable. . . Her sound understanding, her intrepidity, her sensibility and eager sympathy, stamped all her writings with force and truth, and endowed them with a tender charm which enchants while it enlightens." Even a hostile periodical was forced to admit her "uncommon talents and considerable knowledge."

Mary Wollstonecraft's best known book, of course, is 'A Vindication of the Rights of Woman,' which has been reprinted sixteen times since its original appearance in 1792. Its enduring favour could hardly have been predicted from contemporary opinions on it. These, however, seem to have been formed very often without allowing the judgment to be influenced by any actual reading of the book. Hannah More, for example, delivered herself as follows:

I have been much pestered to read the 'Rights of Woman,' but am invincibly resolved not to do it. Of all jargon, I hate metaphysical jargon; beside, there is something fantastic and absurd in the very title. How many ways there are of being ridiculous! I am sure I have as much liberty as I can make good use of, now I am an old maid;

and when I was a young one, I had, I dare say, more than was good for me. . . . To be unstable and capricious, I really think, is but too characteristic of our sex; and there is, perhaps, no animal so much indebted to subordination for its good behaviour as woman.

Horace Walpole declared the book "excommunicated from the pale of my library." He thought it well "to thank Providence for the tranquillity and happiness we have in this country, in spite of the philosophizing serpents we have in our bosom, the Paines, the Tookes, and the Wollstonecrafts."

Another of her works, the one on the French Revolution, is also worth remembering, if only for the sake of the criticism to which it provoked President Adams. In his copy of the book he wrote: "This is a lady of a masculine, masterly understanding. Her style is nervous and clear, often elegant, though sometimes too verbose. . . . The improvement, the exaltation of the human character, the perfectibility of man, the perfection of the human faculties are the divine objects which her enthusiasm beholds in beatificism. Alas! how airy and baseless a fabrick." Even so devoted an admirer as Mr. Clark Durant is perturbed by his heroine's prolixity in this instance.

It is easy, of course, to make fun of the group of doctrinaire idealists of which Mary Wollstonecraft was a member. To some extent, no doubt, her work shares the unreality of parts at least of Godwin's 'Political Justice.' But as a vehicle of ideas with an enduring and increasing influence she deserves to be better known and more closely studied. This very fully documented edition of Godwin's memoirs of his wife should help to make Mary Wollstonecraft better understood.

THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

Europe and the East. By Norman Dwight Harris. Allen and Unwin. 20s.

The Revolt of Asia. By Upton Close. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

BOTH these volumes are American studies of the problem of Asia. 'Europe and the East' is a sober volume by a Professor of Diplomacy and International Law; 'The Revolt of Asia' is a piece of international scenario writing by an adventurous young American who commands a vivid style and ushers the world into dramatic situations to serve his literary purposes.

'Europe and the East' has the impress of Houghton Mifflin on the cover and of Allen and Unwin on the title page. It has no date of publication, nor, as far as we can discover, is there any clear indication of when it was written. An elaborate volume which costs twenty shillings should not be allowed to suffer from such carelessness in publication. There are compensations, for it contains an excellent bibliography and an adequate index. Professor Harris's aim is to study the history of each important Asiatic country from 1850 to an unmentioned date, which is probably 1924. The method has its obvious disadvantages, for Professor Harris is at times not unprepared to unite history with prophecy. It is a little bewildering, for instance, to read of China: "There should be no further conflicts for some time, however, since Chang possesses the only great military force and he disclaims any personal wish to rule the land, now that Generals Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu have been eliminated; and it is certain that Marshal Chang will support Premier Tuan in an effort to unite the country under a strong central government." Fortunately in England the tradition of academic scholarship separates historical studies more distinctly from the necessary but more ephemeral sphere of journalistic comment. But it would be easy to underestimate the value of this book. The Near East, Persia, India, Indo-China, China, Japan and the Pacific are all considered; and the reader who can tolerate American prejudices

and stomach such spellings as "maneuvers" will find a useful summary of the modern East.

The book serves to show very clearly that worship of the phrase which characterizes American thought in international affairs. Much space is devoted to eulogize the "Open Door Policy" of John Hay in relationship to China, and then as a casual additional comment: "Unfortunately, no machinery was provided to enforce obedience to these excellent and just provisions." Similarly, in the same chapter, Professor Harris dismisses with half a sentence the Maritime Customs System which from the day of Sir John Hart to the day of Sir Francis Aglen has stood as the most stable contribution which any body of men has made to the development of China. A similar belief in the validity of the phrase leads Professor Harris to announce that the Washington Conference will assure peace in the Far East for ten years. In his more comprehensive mood Professor Harris tells us that "the old days are passing away. A new era is dawning." We leave this volume sadly; it is the fruit of real learning, of powerful comprehension and condensation. Despite all its faults it is good and useful reading; but it "treads the narrow way," provincial, opiated, secure within its own prejudices.

The incipient faults of Professor Harris's volume are flamboyantly displayed by Mr. Upton Close. His thesis is briefly that Asia is rising: Britain's influence is over, and apparently America's philanthropic mothering of the East alone can save the situation. All this does not prevent Mr. Upton Close from writing a racy and dramatic book. To deny that Asia has changed profoundly during the last thirty years would be absurd; to suggest with Mr. Close that there is a single movement of revolt through "Asian peoples" is no less absurd. The peoples of Asia are as divided in counsels and desires as the peoples of Europe. Against Mr. Close we would quote a passage from that great Japanese statesman, the late Viscount Kato: "There is no such quality or substance for drawing or holding together an 'Asian bloc' of the sort suggested in the theory of an Asian aggregation of power opposed to the United States. Japan is individual. Her psychology, like her volcanic islands, stands apart from the mainland of Asia. We are as different from the Chinese as we are from the Americans or the British, and who has detected any identity between the Russians and the Japanese?"

BROUGHAM

Lord Brougham and the Whig Party. By Arthur Aspinall. Manchester University Press. 18s.

LORD BROUGHAM is revealed in this able, and scholarly book as a shallow, voluble and unscrupulous political careerist who rendered valuable service to many good causes. He began his career as a briefless barrister on the Scottish Southern Circuit and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England. Everyone remembers the jest at his versatility made by a contemporary after his election to the Woolsack, that if only he had known a little law he would have known something about everything. The shaft does not quite hit the mark but it comes as near perhaps as it need do. His versatility was truly remarkable. He was not only a lawyer and politician, he was for many years the most popular parliamentarian in the country and the most powerful orator in the House of Commons. He tried to win fame as an historian and as a man of letters, wrote, published but immediately suppressed a three-volume novel, helped to found the London University, was a great traveller, a man of fashion, and late in life became an ardent spiritualist. Extraordinary vitality appeared in his great mental and physical

powers and his ambition seems to have been almost insatiable. His personal eccentricities led contemporaries to think him mad. He went to the races in a sedan chair, took a hot-water bottle with him to the House of Lords, and by the oddity of his dress accentuated the peculiarity of his features:

A meagre form, a face so wondrous thin
That it resembles Milton's Death and Sin;
Long arms that saw the air like windmill sails,
And tongue whose force and fury never fails.

In his 'Runnymede' letter to Brougham Disraeli spoke of his oratory as follows:

[Your] scathing voice, but a small lustre gone, passed like the lightning in that great assembly where Canning grew pale before your terrible denunciation, and where even Peel still remembers your awful reply.

But his style was lacking in charm. One man complained that he almost split the drums of one's ears by his roaring. And another wrote:

He could not have roared louder if a file of soldiers had come in and pushed the Speaker out of his chair. Where the devil a fellow could get such lungs and such a flow of jaw . . . surpasses my imagination. . . . He made my head spin in such a style, I thought I should tumble over. He quite overcame one's understanding for a time.

Aristocratic prejudice but also faults of character and temperament prevented Brougham from becoming leader of the Whig Party, of which he was long the most conspicuous member. Political principles sat lightly upon him. With equal ease he would co-operate with Whig, Tory or Radical; uphold or condemn the war against France, the expenditure on the Navy or the treatment of reformers, as his interests suggested. He naturally forfeited the confidence of his associates and remained somewhat isolated. Equally naturally he concentrated on subjects that were not party property. Popular education was one of these and he rendered great service to the cause. He founded the depressingly named "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," an outcome of the Mechanics' Institute, which Peacock satirized in 'Crotchet Castle' as the "Steam Intellect Society." A 'Library of Useful Knowledge' and the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' were printed and followed by the *Penny Magazine* and the *Penny Cyclopædia* the cost of which appears to have ruined the society. Brougham devoted himself also to legal reform, mitigating the severity of the criminal code, simplifying the law, improving the administration of justice, creating the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which remains the supreme court of appellate jurisdiction for the whole Empire, and he was a powerful advocate of the abolition of slavery.

Brougham has, too, at least one other claim to be remembered. He perceived with a clearness no other statesman surpassed the immense importance of the Press. He used it and wrote for it as no other politician did. He was largely responsible for making the *Edinburgh Review* the accredited organ of the Whig party, and he was by far its most voluminous contributor. He prided himself on his "universality." But as Cobden very justly observed, "It is this attempt at universality which has been the great error and failing of Lord Brougham's public life. He has touched everything and finished nothing." The result has been that, as Cobden accurately prophesied, he is remembered for his "herculean mental powers," but he is not specially associated with any reforms for which posterity holds him in grateful remembrance. He knew little of the dreadful conditions under which a large part of the population lived.

With all his faults, Brougham was a man who, in private life at least, charmed almost everyone with whom he came into contact. He had good humour, entertaining conversation, generosity, kindness, wit and learning. As one of his Tory friends wrote: "Even his greatness was surpassed by his kindness. His warmth, tenderness, and constancy of friendship were wonderful."

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Mysteries. By Knut Hamsun. Knopf. 7s. 6d.*The Inn in the Valley.* By Katharine Pleydell-Bouverie. Heinemann. 6s.*The Door Unlatched.* By Marie Cher. Gerald Howe. 7s. 6d.*Eros the Slayer.* By Aino Kallas. Cape. 6s.*The Absolute at Large.* By Carel Capek. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

KNUT HAMSDUN is not an easy writer and 'Mysteries,' as the name suggests, is a baffling book. We turn for help to the wrapper. "The underlying thought of 'Mysteries' is the utter and incurable solitariness of the human creature, and hence the futility of words, gestures, all our baffled and groping attempts to explain. [. . . 'Hunger,' 'Mysteries,' and 'Pan'] record an early stage of abnormal sensitiveness to life's great and little ironies. But it is the sensitiveness of the strong, not of the weak (*sic*)."

The week's sensitiveness is a painful thing, only less bad than the fortnight's, and we are, most of us, familiar with it; but in 'Mysteries' we find a sensitiveness extending over months and terminating in suicide. Are we to suppose that the incurable solitariness of Nagel's strong soul drove him to this desperate step? Loneliness is, perhaps, a sufficient reason for suicide. But the wrapper's explanation covers only half of Nagel's mystery. He was at odds with himself; he wanted not only to appear but to be different from what he was. Some writers would have made him a pathological case, an example of divided and suppressed desires. Hamsun does not disguise his hero's neurasthenia, but represents it rather as the medium which makes possible Nagel's startling emotional flights. Which condition came first, which led on to which, we cannot tell. Nagel was ill and apprehensive; he also had mental and spiritual crises of great interest and intensity and beauty. It is Hamsun's gift to make us believe in the co-existence and co-importance of the two conditions, the mental and the physical *malaise*; they contribute to, they do not impair, each other's reality.

Nagel descends upon the small Norwegian town, a stranger about whom nobody knows anything except that he is rich. He tries to make friends with his neighbours, he falls in love with the rector's daughter on whose behalf a man had killed himself. But he has a morbid (or to modern ideas a morbid) fear of self-advertisement, self-righteousness, self-glory; he is terrified of appearing, even to himself, in the right. So far from being his ideal, *mens conscia sui recti* was the last thing he wanted to have. Hence his philippic against Gladstone, one of the most moving passages in the book; hence, in fact, all the denigration of himself and his motives with which he alternately interested, bored, and terrified the very people whose favour and friendship he sought to win. He was tireless in inventing interested motives for his philanthropic impulses. Hamsun, too, is tireless in finding instances of his hero's besetting foible. He loves the irony that these scraps of dialogue—Nagel explaining himself away to chance acquaintances bewildered by his bounty—provide. His dialogue always has immense vitality; and yet so concentrated is it on illustrating this single aspect of Nagel's character that it tends to become tiresome, to degenerate into mystification and buffoonery. Every Scandinavian, in Hamsun's view, yearns to be a dark horse, an inverted charlatan, and he exaggerates this trait until it becomes almost meaningless. He writes only to satisfy his own caprice, and his caprice does not always coincide with his readers'. But how lovely the lyrical passages are:

And if I found a diamond one day, I'd call it Dagny, simply because your name makes me go warm with joy. But I even go so far as to hear your name incessantly, to hear it spoken by all men and animals, all mountains and all stars. I would I were deaf to all else and only heard your name as an endless note in my ears night and day all my life long. I would I could institute a new oath in your honour, an oath to be used by all races on earth in your sole honour. And if I sinned in this, and God warned me against it, I would answer him: "Put it down to me, record it against me, I'll pay for it with my soul, in the fullness of time, when the clock strikes."

After such heroics, 'The Inn in the Valley' strikes a note so faint as scarcely to be audible. But though faint it is true, and one cannot read this brief account of the efforts of a family of French peasants to maintain a small hotel against the rivalry of man and the enmity of Nature without being impressed by its reticence and restraint. They are grim people, these Hurons, tenacious, rancorous and avaricious—a type frequently met with in French novels. We are a little tired of the thrifty French housewife who crams sous into a stocking while her grandmother perishes of neglect in the adjoining room. Michel Huron, with his ungracious contempt for the tourists and botanists who brought a little prosperity into the spurs of the Pyrenees, might easily have been a failure; even proper pride goeth before a fall. But Miss Pleydell-Bouverie has been so successful in subduing him to his environment that we cannot resent him and his pretensions, any more than we could resent an edelweiss for growing higher, or an izard for jumping further, than its fellows. He is at the mercy of laws, physical and economic, landslides and supply-and-demand, and against these abstractions he makes a brave enough figure. The narrative has the merits and the defects of a story taken from life. In spite of its small size it is a little shapeless, while on the other hand many touches that would have been out of place in a tighter, neater work, are appropriate here, and give a softening, humanizing effect to a record which would be otherwise too stark. The flight of time, which the novelist usually fights shy of because it weakens so many effects of art, Miss Pleydell-Bouverie uses with simplicity and skill.

Miss Marie Cher also uses it, but to add complication to complication. Her neurasthenic hero, Roger, tutor to a charming blue-stockings child called Fan, and lover of her mother Evelyn, is subject to the irritations of a second personality, Raoul. This Raoul had a mistress, Adrienne, in the time of the French Revolution. As Raoul, Roger is a greater lover and has a vivid sense of life than in his own proper person: consequently he welcomes these moments of possession, though others are alarmed and distressed. Miss Cher has already won distinction for herself as an essayist. Her style is a little too ponderous and coloured and slow-moving for a novelist, and her phrases are not always happy:

Across the child's sensitive soul had been shot too sudden a glare from passion's eternal bonfire.

The mud was thick on the boulevards, but she trod it without a quaver. What did it matter? Nothing, except to Emilie, who would have to clean those same defaced shoes.

For the second time to-day her hard, brilliant eyes took their fill of my face. God knows what she was searching for, or what she found.

. . . Leaping headlong to his feet.

Undoubtedly Miss Cher sometimes asks of Rhetoric more than it is prepared to give. And what an odd Iberian Italy, where festa is written fiesta, and Pietro telescoped into Pedro! These blemishes apart, there is much that is interesting and profound in 'The Door Unlatched.' Miss Cher warms to her theme. It comes to life in the last chapters, and Henry James, to whom perhaps it owed its existence, would have been pleased to see it make so good an end.

Anyone who despises what the mighty Love can do should read 'Eros the Slayer.' In sixteenth-century Livonia Barbara von Tisenhusen eloped with a clerk, against the wishes of her guardians. She was

apprehended, and drowned by her brother in a hole in the ice. In the next century the wife of the Rector of Reigi ran away with a deacon. When they were caught their heads were cut off. In both stories the narrator is a member of the Church, the injured husband himself being the chronicler of the second. Madame Kallas (or her translator) writes with an air of great solemnity; with an impressiveness that occasionally (but not often) degenerates into *empressement*. She throws herself back into the past and tries to recapture its moral standards—a difficult task. At its best her work exhibits a high quality of poetry. Simple motives, ample gestures, violent emotions, a concrete imagination and an erudite mind welding all together: these are the secrets of her power. Mr. Capek, who writes of the future, not the past, does not possess them. As in 'Krakatit,' he imagines a scientific invention of tremendous importance, let loose upon the world; he thinks in terms of continents, oceans, immensities of every kind. He has élan and humour and high spirits, but even in him the breath is wanting to expand these enormous bladders of his imagination. He is made out of breath by his own speed. The translation is admirable.

OTHER NOVELS

The Small Batchelor. By P. G. Wodehouse. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Wodehouse is in the front rank of our humorists, but he has rarely given us such an amusing book as this is. It is one of those exceptional works the readers of which are struck by a sudden panic-fear, after they have got through the first hundred pages, that the author cannot possibly keep the rest on the same level. Mr. Wodehouse does this and more; the story proceeds and ends in a crescendo of wildly improbable possibilities. Underneath all this there lies a basis of solid construction; there are no loose ends in the story and hardly a sentence can be missed without injury to its scheme, and its best effects are enhanced by a carefully calculated exaggeration of phrase and situation. It is a work of art.

The Jewel of Malabar. By Donald Sinderby. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The scene of this stirring romance is laid in South Western India at the time of the Moplah rebellion. The hero, Sir John Bennville, is the officer in command of a small detachment of his regiment, and is brought in contact with a beautiful native girl by the death of her affianced husband in his defence. Unfortunately he falls in love with her himself, and the interest in the story is in the struggle between his affection and the opposing interests of regimental prestige and European prejudice against mixed marriages. The *dénouement* is sudden and unexpected. The story is evidently founded on first-hand knowledge of place and time, and gives much promise of future good work from the writer.

Madcap Betty. By David Whitelaw. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

This is a charming story of an actor and an actress of Old Drury in the days of the French Revolution. He falls in love with the sister of an aristocrat who has taken refuge in England and is abducted to France in the hope of tracing her brother; she remembers the country squire who touched her sensibility, and makes the pretext of a vacation study to test her feelings towards him. But the country squire is an active agent of the royalist party, and thus we are transported to Paris in the closing days of the Terror. The story is well told, interesting, and clean from start to finish.

SHORTER NOTICES

The British in China and Far Eastern Trade. By C. A. Middleton Smith. Constable. 10s. 6d.

THIS volume was first published in 1920; it is now re-issued without revision. Much of its value has disappeared in those seven years. Presumably Professor Smith wrote before the Chinese Delegation had refused to sign the Versailles Treaty. The Washington Conference, the Nine-Power Treaty, the Tariff Conference, the Trade Boycotts, the shooting at Shanghai, the civil wars and the recent developments have so re-fashioned China that this study has often as little contact with present day reality as a narrative of pre-war Europe. It may serve to show the curious how rapidly events have moved. In 1919 Professor Smith could write: "When the present chaotic state of Russia is considered it may seem excusable to omit all reference to this nation which is at present of no commercial or political importance in the Far East." He can speak too of the friendly commercial relationships which are to develop between Great Britain and China. The whole volume belongs to that period of spurious optimism which followed immediately upon the war.

The Outline of Marriage. By Floyd Dell. Introduction by E. S. P. Haynes. The Richards Press. 2s. 6d.

AFTER Count Keyserling, Mr. Floyd Dell! If the one is more likely to be read after fifty years, the other is more likely to be read to-day. Where the philosopher expresses himself for all time Mr. Dell is concerned to outline not so much marriage generally as a particular attitude to marriage—the modern attitude. His case is that the reproductive and sexual instincts are not necessarily identical—that in the past, indeed, they have been very distinct, as can be illustrated from biology—and that the possibility of controlling reproduction lessens to an enormous extent the social significances of marriage. Granted the existing degree of economic and intellectual equality between the sexes, companionship becomes the controlling motive. He would have people "use and enjoy sex" rather than become "its victims." In vindication of this attitude he calls upon biology, anthropology and history, and he presents his case well, with vigour, pungency and wit, and a brevity in no way indicating lack of matter. Mr. Haynes contributes a critical introduction rather out of tune with the rest of the book, but it serves at any rate to remind the reader that though Mr. Dell writes lightly he is fundamentally serious.

An Anthology of Mysticism and Mystical Philosophy. Compiled by William Kingsland. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THE question, "Can man by searching find out God?" is probably as old as humanity itself. It has been answered in many ways by many minds. To the agnostic no complete knowledge is attainable. Some have even maintained that the Maker of the Universe reveals Himself to his creatures through a book or through an organization. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself" wrote the Psalmist. "Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet," wrote Tennyson. To the mystic, the pathway to knowledge has been opened up. "Mysticism," as defined by Mr. William Kingsland, is essentially the exercise of a supernormal faculty transcending intellect, whereby the individual obtains a vital and conscious experience in his inmost being of his oneness with what has been variously termed the Absolute, or Reality, or the Intelligible World, or the Infinite, or God—a sense of *union* with the transcendent yet immanent Root and Source of all Being and all Becoming." The mystic may at least claim that he is compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. They are of all ages and of all faiths. Many of them have found their way into this volume. They range from Buddha and St. Augustine to the late Professor William James and the present Dean of St. Paul's, and include thinkers so diverse as Eusebius, William Blake, Madame Guyon, Claude Houghton, F. W. H. Myers, Shelley, Herbert Spencer—a strange name, surely, in such a company!—Evelyn Underhill and Arthur Edward Waite. Most of the subjects that trouble the minds of men are discussed in these pages—fate and free-will, mind, materialism, consciousness and the immanence of God.

Twilight Songs. By Katharine Tynan. Blackwell. 5s.

THE verse of Katharine Tynan is frequently derivative, and seldom expresses more than a passing mood; yet its claims are modest and what its writer attempts she generally achieves. None of these poems is memorable, but many of them, and particularly those dealing with the country, can be read with real pleasure. Mr. Harold Monro once accused her of "leaking poetry," and suggested that could she have published only one book, containing the essence of all her volumes, she might have produced work of permanent value. That impression remains. There is poetry in these pages, but betrayed always by a fatal facility. The religious pieces are on the whole the least satisfactory; the subject is too large for such superficial treatment. In general it may be said that the least ambitious are the most charming.

World-Famous Crimes of the Twentieth Century. By F. A. Mackenzie. Bles. 16s.

THOUGH in one case only—that of Abe Hummel, a famous American "crook lawyer"—does Mr. Mackenzie condescend to any crime less than murder, there is plenty of variety here. The story of Leopold and Loeb, it might be suggested, is still too well remembered for a recital which adds nothing to the facts commonly known, but that of the Stockholm dynamite murder, although more recent and in certain respects not dissimilar, will be new to many. The assassinations of Rasputin and of the Tsar and his family, though they belong to history rather than to crime, are dealt with straightforwardly and with an authority derived from personal investigation. Landru represents the most sordid type of murderer; he is remarkable solely for quantity, in no sense for quality. Steinie Morrison, again, is interesting, not for the very commonplace crime involved, but for the doubt as to his guilt. The case of Becker, a prominent New York police officer, like that of Abe Hummel, attracts mainly for its revelations of municipal corruption. Mr. Mackenzie tells his stories with the skill of an experienced journalist; he is content to record rather than to suggest, and his book should be read for the interest of the crimes themselves rather than for any personal contribution. His occasional tendency to present in an heroic light men who are admittedly scoundrels is regrettable.

Folktales of Brittany. By W. Branch Johnson. Methuen. 5s.

MANY holiday-makers of recent years have discovered the charm of Brittany—easily reached, inexpensive, and refreshing in its isolation from the modern and sophisticated world. We go, we see, we are conquered, but we are never able to forget that we are visitors. Mr. Johnson seeks to illuminate by a study of its folklore the "soul of Brittany." His method, and his manner, are "gossipy" rather than academic. He passes lightly from the old stories which have gathered round the names of the more popular saints and Pardons to those in which megaliths, Calvaries, the sea and fairies play a prominent part. The account of Breton versions of the Arthurian tales, and the legend of the drowned city of Ker-Ys (in which Mr. Johnson sees a symbol of Brittany to-day, submerged beneath the waters of an alien civilization), are of special interest. To those who have visited, or who hope to visit, the districts dealt with, the book will particularly recommend itself, but it is worth reading for its own sake and for the parallels which will be noted with the folktales of other countries. "On his guard," the author tells us, "the Breton is Catholic to the core; off his guard he is Pagan to the backbone." One sees again and again how superficial has been the adaptation of the older superstition to the newer belief.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS. By George Gordon. Series I. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.

OLD ENGLISH MILLS AND INNS. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Palmer. 12s. 6d.

A LONDONER'S OWN LONDON. By Charles G. Harper. Palmer. 10s. 6d.

DRIFTWOOD. By Walter Gaston Shotwell. Longmans. 8s.

SOCRATES AMONG HIS PEERS. Three Dialogues. By Owen Grazebrook. Kegan Paul. 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Cape. 2 Volumes. 50s.

An elaborate study of the development of the United States, somewhat formidable for the ordinary reader, yet written in a popular vein, with a good deal of picturesque detail, and taking cognizance of social and other phenomena which the ordinary histories neglect.

JOHN SARGENT. By the Hon. Evan Charteris. Heinemann. 30s.

The official biography, full but fortunately not diffuse, and enriched by some notable reminiscences contributed by friends of the artist, in particular by Sir Edmund Gosse.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-DETECTIVE. By Francis Carlin. Hutchinson. 18s.

Memories of thirty-five years at Scotland Yard, with chapters on methods of detection.

BY THE CLOCK OF ST. JAMES'S. By Percy Armytage. Murray. 18s.

Reminiscences of the Court and of London social life.

PEOPLES AND PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC. By J. Macmillan Brown. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 2 Volumes. 50s.

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON. By the Rev. James Woodforde. Vol. II. Edited by John Beresford. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (1789-1914). By A. J. Grant and Harold Temperley. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

WHO GOES THERE? By Henry de Halsalle. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

ARCHÆOLOGY

NORTHUMBERLAND CROSSES OF THE PRE-NORMAN AGE. By W. G. Collingwood. Faber and Gwyer. 30s.

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA IN CLASSICAL TIMES. By Thomas Ashby. Benn. 21s.

TRANSLATIONS

MARCEL PROUST: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Léon Pierre-Quint. Translated by Hamish and Sheila Miles. Knopf. 18s.

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Secker. Two Volumes. 18s.

SUTTER'S GOLD. By Blaise Cendrars. Translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THE RIDDLE OF THE JEW'S SUCCESS. By F. Roderich-Stolthelm. Translated from the German by Capel Pownall. Leipzig: Hammer-Verlag.

VERSE AND DRAMA

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. By Oliver Goldsmith. Douglas (Replica of 1770 edition). Limited Edition 25s. Ordinary Edition 4s. 6d.

THE ALCHEMIST. By Ben Jonson. Douglas (Replica of 1612 edition). Limited Edition 31s. 6d. Ordinary Edition 6s.

FICTION

FIESTA. By Ernest Hemingway. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE GOOD MAN'S WIFE. By Amy J. Baker. Long. 7s. 6d.

FRUITS OF THE EARTH. By Rita Macfarlane. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.

CONNIE MORGAN IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY. By James B. Hendryx. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

NOW EAST, NOW WEST. By Susan Ertz. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THE WOMAN WHO STOLE EVERYTHING AND OTHER STORIES. By Arnold Bennett. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

OUT IN THE GLARE. By G. Appleby Terrill. Chambers. 2s. 6d.

BRISTOL EYES. By G. Appleby Terrill. Chambers. 7s. 6d.

SHEPHERD'S PIE. By Owen Archer. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

THE DEMON LOVER. By Dion Fortune. Douglas. 7s. 6d.

PEOPLE ROUND THE CORNER. By Thyra Samter Winslow. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

THE MAN WHO KNEW. By F. A. M. Webster. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.

REPRINTS

THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE. By Havelock Ellis. Constable. 6s.

After fifteen years, Mr. Havelock Ellis finds that, far from being antiquated, his book is in many respects highly topical.

THE WESTMINSTER ALICE. By "Saki" (H. H. Munro). The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.

A welcome re-issue, with an appreciation of the author by Mr. Spender, under whose auspices these witty papers appeared serially.

THE TOWN TRAVELLER. By George Gissing. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

Originally published in 1898, this book only now reaches its third edition—a melancholy confirmation of the contention that Gissing cannot be popularized.

THE CAPE PENINSULA. By René Jula. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

THE COLLECTED ESSEX EDITION OF THE WORKS OF H. G. WELLS. XIX and XXIII. BEALBY. THE WORLD SET FREE. Benn. 3s. 6d. each.

YOUTH: A NARRATIVE. AND OTHER STORIES. By Joseph Conrad. Blackwood. 3s. 6d.

THE CROWN OF LIFE. By George Gissing. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

THE HOPE OF THE WORKERS. By Austin Hopkinson. Hopkinson. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

EXCURSIONS IN COLOUR. By Donald Maxwell. Cassell. 18s.

THE PHILIPPINES. By Nicholas Roosevelt. Faber and Gwyer. 15s.

COLOUR BLOCK PRINT MAKING FROM LINOLEUM BLOCKS. By Hesketh Hubbard. Breamore, near Salisbury: The Forest Press. 12s. 6d.

THE BRITISH IN CHINA AND FAR EASTERN TRADE. By C. A. Middleton Smith. Constable. 10s. 6d.

A STUDY OF RACES IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST. By William H. Worrell. Cambridge: Heffer. 8s. 6d.

RAMBLES IN THE HOME COUNTIES. By W. A. Hirst. Cobden-Sanderson. 8s.

METHOD OF INSTRUMENTATION. VOL. II. WOOD, BRASS AND DRUMS. By Edwin Evans, Senr. Reeves.

THE CITIZEN. By Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher. Chambers. 2s. 6d.

THE JUNE MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for June depends for its literary interest on Mr. Algernon Blackwood's story, 'The Stranger.' Mr. Bryden writes on the story of South African diamonds, and Mr. A. F. Sieveking on the life of Noverre, creator of the *ballet d'action*. There are seven political articles, among the writers being Mr. Hugh Spender, Sir M. O'Dwyer, and Mr. Robert Machray. Mr. Miall advocates 'Compulsory Partnership in Industry,' and Mr. Harley points out some weaknesses and disadvantages of the Trades Union Bill.

The *London Mercury* publishes two poems by Edward Thomas omitted in the 'Collected Works' and verses by Mr. Sassoon, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Snaith, and others, but its chief attraction is a new Chinese fantasy by Mr. Ernest Bramah. Mr. Towndrow writes on 'Some London Steeples' (the first of a series), with sketches; Mr. Freeman on Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. D. C. Somervell analyzes Browning's 'Strafford,' and Mr. Robert Herring is mildly sardonic about 'Percy's Little Circle' and its matrimonial complications. 'Gone Bedu' is a good episodic story. Miss Murphy gives us a bibliography of Edward Thomas; Mr. Strickland Gibson takes up the 'Book Production Notes,' and there are the usual Chronicles.

The *Monthly Criterion* sees a possible danger in the spread of community singing. At present it is merely a manifestation of the herd instinct. Mr. Yeats contributes an autobiographical poem, entitled 'The Tower.' Mr. Murry defends his position in a long and closely-reasoned paper, 'Towards a Synthesis.' Classicism is no longer possible as a pattern of the new synthesis. Reason, not intelligence, is the faculty of true operative synthesis. A tale by Capek, 'Helena,' is unpleasant without compensating merits. The Chronicles deal with Italy and the Drama. Mr. T. S. Eliot reviews 'Recent Detective Fiction.' 'Foreign Periodicals' are American.

The *National Review*, in 'Episodes of the Month,' treats of Courage (which our Government sadly need), France, Italy, Mr. Mellon, the Trade Unions Bill, Arcos, the Air, and the Weather. Bishop Knox writes on Prayer Book Revision; Ian Colvin on 'Opera in England' (unduly hard on the B.B.C.); Dr. Collinge on 'The National Importance of Wild Birds'; Prof. Lyde on the Mississippi Floods (aggravated by the water taken by Chicago from the Great Lakes); and Mr. Size on 'The Epic of Buttermere' (where the Norsemen of the district held back the Normans). Gen. MacMunn has a good Frontier story, 'The Priests of the Lord.'

Blackwood has a new memory of 'A Day with Wordsworth' well worth preserving; and a description by Jan Gordon of a visit to 'The Caves of Altamira.' The paintings may have been used for magic, but "brilliantly conceived, wonderfully drawn, and unimaginably executed, they represent the first great useless impulse of man masquerading under a guise of usefulness." A Kiplingesque poem by Sir Hugh Clifford, and a number of very good sketches, make up an excellent number. 'Musings without Method' are aroused by American methods of boosting Shakespeare and a travestied New Testament.

The *English Review* opens with an article by Mr. Remnant on the steps to be taken against the Soviet Government, entitled 'Circling the Scorpion'; Mr. Ludovici writes on the Girl of Twenty-one as a politician (he objects, incidentally, to generalizations); Mr. Williams on Palestine is hopeful. Mr. C. H. Lea tells the story of the Polybiblion of Richard de Bury; and Mr. Sedgwick discusses the history of red hair. There are two Eastern stories and some good reviews.

The *Empire Review* has a good word to say for a despised set in 'Damn the Politicians.' It prints the late Viscount Cowdray's address on 'Labour: Its Problems and the Ideal Wage,' and a review by the Clerk of the House of Commons of Sir John Marriott's recent book. Mr. E. V. Lucas writes on Elia; Mr. Desmond MacCarthy on 'Cats and Dogs'; and Miss Mona Wilson on 'The Twilight of the Augustans' (Blake, Gray, Thomson, Gilpin, etc.). Mr. Sainsbury translates the story of a French traveller in the Highlands, published in 1820; and there is a sad life-story, 'The May Queen.' The reviewer of 'Meleager' treats Mr. R. C. Trevelyan as a beginner of great promise; the reviews as a whole are excellent. The Medical Notes are on Genius and Gout.

The *Adelphi*, after this number, will appear as a quarterly. Mr. Yeats gives us a modern mystery play, 'The Resurrection,' with four personages. Mr. Langer completes his story of 'Death in the Sand,' and there is a sermon by the late Dr. Mellor on 'The Practical Loving of the Unknown God.' Mr. Tomlinson writes on 'Coal and the Class War,' and Mr. Pendlebury on 'The Gallicisms of Joseph Conrad.'

Foreign Affairs deals with 'That Superiority Complex' of the British official abroad. 'Economics at Geneva,' by Mrs. Wootton, one of the delegates, deals, among other topics, with the breakdown of the economic organization of Europe, and the need for new industries; 'The Samoan Mandate' is an attack on the administration of this mandated territory; there are two pro-Chinese articles, and two on Egypt. Other papers deal with Fascism, Jugo-Slavia, and Nicaragua.

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They always, however, appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 273

WHAT VARIOUS BEAUTIES THESE TWO COUNTIES BOAST!
WHO KNOW THEM BEST WILL SURELY LOVE THEM MOST.

1. Of many a mimic battle 'tis the scene.
2. The nestling cuckoo this hath ever been.
3. Once and again a songster sweet curtail.
4. In Oxford town it served them for a jail.
5. Grows from within: the beast in it could bite you.
6. Thus named in Rome a fish which may delight you.
7. Profuse, and sheltering a Latin bird.
8. This damsel's heart we need, upon my word.
9. Find now a French financier of note.
10. Without my aid, how could they cross the moat?

Solution of Acrostic No. 271

M	isbelie	F
A	die	U
D	eportatio	N
E	mblemati	C
I	nasmuc	H
R	otund	A
A	dmira	L

ACROSTIC No. 271.—The winner is Mr. J. Chambers, 58 Alexandra Road, N.W.8, who has chosen as his prize 'Silver Cities of Yucatan,' by G. Mason, published by Putnam, and reviewed by us on May 28. Twenty-one other competitors named this book, fourteen selected 'Joys of Life,' ten 'The Long Lead,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, Baldersby, E. Barrett, Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bullen, Buns, C. H. Burton, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Miss Carter, Chailey, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dhualt, Reginald P. Eccles, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Glamis, Hanworth, Iago, Lilian, Madge, Margaret, Martha, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Quis, Rabbits, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Trilke, Twyford, Zero, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, Chip, D. L., East Sheen, C. Ellis, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Jop, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Mrs. A. Lole, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. A. W. Maxwell, H. de R. Morgan, Nosredla, Parvus, Rand, R. Ransom, Margarita Skene, Mrs. Gordon Touche, R. H. S. Truell, C. J. Warden, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Dona, Rho Kappa, Anthony Touche.

ACROSTIC No. 270.—Correct: Farsdon, Kirkton. Two Lights Wrong: Coque.

C. E. F.—There are summer overcoats as well as winter ones—and ladies seldom wear them at any time of the year. My acrostics are not intended, like some sermons, "for men only." For Light Eleven I do not think Earth-apple nearly so good as Ebullition. I regret that I cannot accept either that or Top-coat.

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Motor Oil and Petrol

THE ANTI-CARBON PAIR

MOTORING

THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' RACE

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

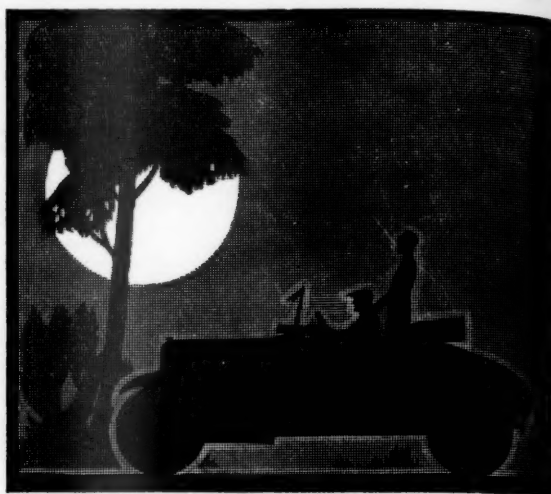
IT is pleasing to record that the efforts made by well-known athletes and others to maintain British prestige in sport are having good results. The motor industry has gained largely by the success obtained by various manufacturers in sporting competitions. It was for this reason that Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, the original builders of wire wheels fitted to motor-cars, presented for competition on the Continent a series of cups for twenty-four-hour races. This year the cars which will compete in the twenty-four-hour endurance race for the Rudge-Whitworth cup will assemble at Le Mans, in the Sarthe district of France. From Saturday, June 11, to Friday, June 17, practising and testing will take place; the race itself will start at four o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday, June 18, terminating at the same hour on Sunday, June 19.

* *

It is a very strenuous time for the drivers; there are long hours of night-driving at high speed so that the cars have to be driven in the twenty-four hours by shifts of drivers. This race has been in existence for some years; this year there are, in a sense, two races running at the same time; the first is a qualifying run for one of the Rudge-Whitworth cups, the final for this race being run in 1928, while the second is the final race for the Rudge-Whitworth cup of 1927, open only to those cars which completed the twenty-four hours last year and covered the minimum distance set by the regulations. It will thus be seen that cars have to show that they can stand up to two years' racing of this character in order to win the main prize. Each year, therefore, the Grand Prix d'Endurance, as it is styled, is won by the car covering the maximum distance in the twenty-four hours, but to win it is not sufficient for it to cover a distance greater than anybody else, it must be according to its size of engine. A scale has been laid down by the organizer which endeavours to place all types of engines on an equality as regards comparative performance; thus 750 c.c. engines have to cover 839 miles; those with two-litre engines 1,261 miles; the three-litre models 1,384 miles; the five-litre 1,419 miles, and so on. The car which exceeds its minimum mileage by the greatest amount is the winner of the race and, as the car has already had to run for twenty-four hours in the preceding year to qualify, there can be no doubt that it deserves the highest praise when it is successful.

* *

The first Rudge-Whitworth cup of all was gained even in more difficult circumstances. The cars had to run for three years in succession, and it was won by Senechal and Loqueheux on one of the 1,100 c.c. Chenard-Walckers, which covered 1,126.68 miles in the twenty-four hours. In 1926 Minoia and Foresti, on a two-litre O.M. car, gained the second Rudge-Whitworth cup, having covered 1,446.30 miles, an average of 60½ miles per hour. The winners on distance so far have been, in 1923, Lagache and Leonard on a Chenard-Walcker at an average speed of 57.1 miles per hour; in 1924, Duff and Clement on a three-litre Bentley at 53.75 miles per hour; in 1925, de Courcelles and Rossignol on a Lorraine Dietrich at 57.83 miles per hour; and 1926, Bloch and Rossignol on a Lorraine Dietrich with the increased average of 66.08 miles per hour. The British team this year consists entirely of Bentleys, and they are exactly the same as the machines which ran last year.



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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

ACCORDING to the American financial Press, it is expected that the end of that country's fiscal year, June 30, will show America in possession of at least half the gold in the world. Few subjects in economics have received the publicity given in the last few years to gold accretions in the U.S.A. Three years or so ago it was considered that America was bound to "starve" herself with her swelling gold holdings, that it would be impossible to keep the gold influx "sterilized" and keep down rapidly rising prices, and so forth. On this question most of our economists have been wrong, for the educating of the American investor to lend his money abroad has largely neutralized the normal economic pressure of too much gold, while prices have steadily gone down to the tune of increasing prosperity. One meets intelligent men in the City who still cherish the belief that American prosperity will come to an end, and they say so in a tone anticipatory of a grand crash. But why should American prosperity come either to a sudden or a gradual end? The setback in the spring of 1926 was of sufficient proportions to have given the pessimists their prophecy; but it apparently merely served as the recoil from which sprung a fresh impetus. The fact is that people are inclined to judge of present-day American conditions from pre-war experience, which gives to the argument a list of false premises. Certainly, American conditions of credit are most hopefully elastic; but they are based on an enormous and on an exceptionally progressive population that, incidentally, per head to the square mile, leaves the vast area of the United States heavily underpopulated in comparison with the European countries. Considering these facts, one can hardly wonder that the American is not worrying about his gold holdings—the worry is obviously on the side of Europe, which is so short of them.

A VALUABLE PRIVILEGE

Privileges in connexion with the shares of companies which are of proved earning power over a number of years are, as a rule, very valuable, and Harrisons and Crosfield's scheme for the application of a proportion of the dividend on the deferred shares to the purchase of new shares is both valuable and interesting. Fifty per cent. of all dividends in excess of 10% on the deferred shares may, less income tax, be applied in acquiring new deferred shares at par. The full dividend for the current year should be 40%, as for last year, which, allowing for income tax, means that an owner of 100 shares could apply £12 of his dividend to the acquisition of twelve shares, each of which stands in the market at about £8 2s. 6d. The cash dividend barely works out at 5%, so a shareholder naturally takes advantage of the privilege, and if he wanted cash would sell the additional shares received. Assuming the privilege exercised on 100 shares and the ex-dividend price of the deferred shares at about £7, the twelve new shares would realize £72 net. Adding this amount to the £32 net received as cash dividend, the 100 shares costing £8 12s. 10d. would bring in £104, which would show a yield of about 13%. Obviously such a yield on a high-class share is likely to be reduced in the future by steady capital appreciation.

FURNESS, WITHEY AND COMPANY

One of the best-known shipping companies is Furness Withey and Company, and in addition to an interest in Houlder Brothers and Company, and the Economic Insurance, the company controls a number of well-known lines. In spite of the prolonged depression that till the last year marked the shipping industry, Furness Withey kept up dividend payments, and it may be taken that the company's skilful manage-

ment of its big investment list was a large contribution to profits, for but little profit at one time was forthcoming from shipping *per se*. 1919-1920 was the peak year of profits with £1,004,820; but for the last four years profits have been in the neighbourhood of half a million, varying from £572,442 to £523,044. There is no doubt about the revival of the shipping industry, and with the trade of the world as a whole on the up-grade the shares of this progressive company should constitute a sound investment.

AGAR CROSS AND COMPANY

As an undertaking with a considerable stake in the progress of Argentina, Agar Cross and Company Ordinary shares are probably worth consideration for investment of an improving nature. The Company over the last few years shows consistent expansion, with net profits for 1921-1922 £103,171 rising to £311,950 in 1924-25, and £305,340 in 1925-26. The Company specializes in the shipment to the Argentine of agricultural, industrial and electrical machinery, as well as general merchandise. The 1926 profits, it should be understood, were after the then fresh liability of a full year's interest in respect of £500,000 5½% debenture stock. Dividends have advanced from 11% free of tax, in 1922-23 to 16% free of income tax in the last two years. In 1924-1925 the Ordinary shareholders received a 50% share bonus, the interesting point being that the rate of dividend was maintained on the increased capital.

A MINING GAMBLE

My attention has been drawn to a report by Mr. Edward J. Way on the Prestea Mine, which has been circulated to shareholders of Gold Coast Explorers, Ltd., who are the owners of this property. Mr. Way is an engineer of very considerable experience and unimpeachable reputation, and his opinion of a mine is of more than ordinary interest. Without noticing the technical points he raises, I would quote the last paragraph of his report in which he states: "In the whole course of my mining experience I have never encountered a more promising mine venture despite its past history, and if the necessary funds and labour are provided to develop and reinstate it, you have, in my opinion, an undertaking that will pay handsome dividends for many years." Shareholders are being asked to provide the necessary funds by submitting to an assessment of eightpence a share. Gold Coast Explorers shares can be purchased to-day in the market at about fourpence, so that for a total expenditure of a shilling (allowing for the eightpenny liability) an interest in this property, of which Mr. Way speaks so highly, can be obtained. I consider at this price that these shares are a particularly attractive mining speculation and as such draw attention to them.

A CHEAP SHARE

I would draw attention to the 1s. Ordinary shares of John M. Newton and Sons, Ltd., the Hatton Garden Plate Glass Merchants. The combined profits of the businesses controlled by the company have risen steadily from £22,000 in 1921 to £54,000 in 1926. There are issued 100,000 10% cumulative Preference shares of £1 each, and 1,000,000 Ordinary shares of 1s. each. The profits for 1926 show about 90% on the Ordinary capital, after allowing for the fixed Preference dividend. In these circumstances it is suggested that these Ordinary shares are undervalued at the present price of 4s.

TAURUS

The Abbey Road Building Society have removed their headquarters to Upper Baker Street, W. The new building which they now occupy was formally opened on June 2 by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Minister of Health.

Company Meetings

AMALGAMATED RUBBER AND
GENERAL ESTATES, LIMITED

THE SEVENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Amalgamated Rubber and General Estates, Limited, was held on Friday, June 3, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. James Fairbairn, who presided, said that for the year 1926 their profit was £150,173, compared with £184,836 for 1925. That profit would have allowed them in ordinary circumstances to have declared a dividend at a higher rate than that proposed, but in view of the uncertainties of the present year a conservative policy must naturally be adopted. The directors therefore recommended a final dividend of 6½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, against 18 per cent. for last year, and to carry forward £66,506, as against £31,632 last year. They had suffered loss of crops owing to the drought and thereafter owing to heavy rains. They had sold forward 806,400 lbs. of their rubber crop for 1927 at an average price of 2s. 5.21d. per lb. When the whole of the areas were fully matured, the planted acreage cost of the whole of the estates would work out at about £50 per acre. All the properties of the company had been maintained in first-class condition. The policy which the board was adopting was one of consolidation rather than extension.

Where the industry would have been to-day without the help of the Stevenson Scheme was only too easy to visualise. The estates of rubber companies which were to-day earning good profits and paying substantial dividends would either have been re-planted into jungle or have been sold to American buyers at knock-out prices. Consequently, as they had so much to thank the restriction scheme for, he did not think they should complain even with a 60 per cent. basis. The course of the rubber market during the next twelve months was extremely obscure, depending on so many factors, but with the quota now reduced to 60 per cent., they would not be long in doubt whether that, the minimum under the revised Stevenson Scheme, would have the necessary effect of stabilising the price of the commodity. During 1926 American interests had formed a rubber pool. If that was operated fairly, it would help to stabilise the price of the commodity. What the producers and manufacturers wanted was greater stability of price, somewhere, he would suggest, round 2s. per lb.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

A full copy of the chairman's speech can be obtained upon application to the Secretary, at 7-8 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.2.

CITY OF LONDON REAL PROPERTY
COMPANY

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the City of London Real Property Co., Ltd., was held on June 7, at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C.

Mr. W. E. R. Innes (chairman of the company) presided, and in moving the adoption of the report, said: "Gentlemen, I think I may let you into a confidence and tell you that, in estimating our income in the early part of the year, we did not anticipate it would come out so well, and it is a matter for congratulation that we have such a good report to place before you. The revenue account, at £550,742, shows a small increase of £363. The directors recommend that a dividend be declared for the year on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 5½ per cent., less tax. That £150,000 be placed to reserve (bringing that fund up to £1,050,000), leaving £158,925 to be carried forward.

Mortgages, at £624,800, as against £866,400, again show a satisfactory reduction. There are the charges for sinking fund for replacing capital paid for leasehold premises, which, as a result of the large capital sum we put on one side last year, amount to £19,852, as against £28,891, a saving of £9,038. Again, mortgage interest, at £29,231, is also less by £11,035.

Properties purchased and additions during the year amount to £170,471, as against £220,055 for last year, and consist of the freeholds 28-29 Fenchurch Street and 129 Fenchurch Street, and the leaseholds, 30 Fenchurch Street and 130, 131, and 132 Fenchurch Street.

Notwithstanding the complaints of all traders, the rates still continue to rise, and for the first half of the present year they are on the basis of 10s. in the £ per annum, which, according to figures we have had prepared, is the equivalent of 12s. per annum on the old assessments.

At the present time the Landlord and Tenant (No. 2) Bill is before a Standing Committee of the House of Commons. I think there is no doubt the intention of the Bill is to try to be fair both to the landlord and tenant.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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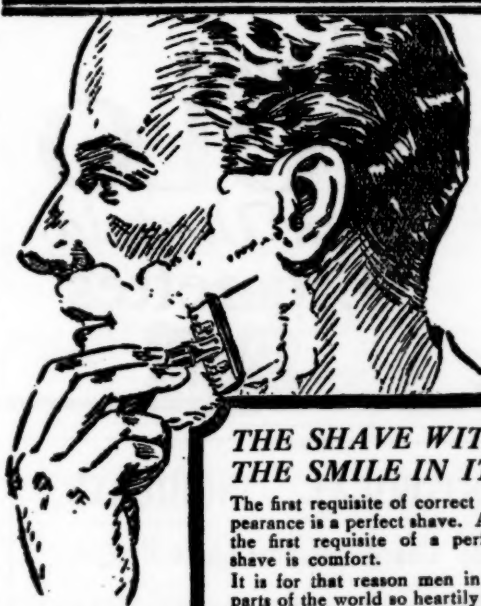


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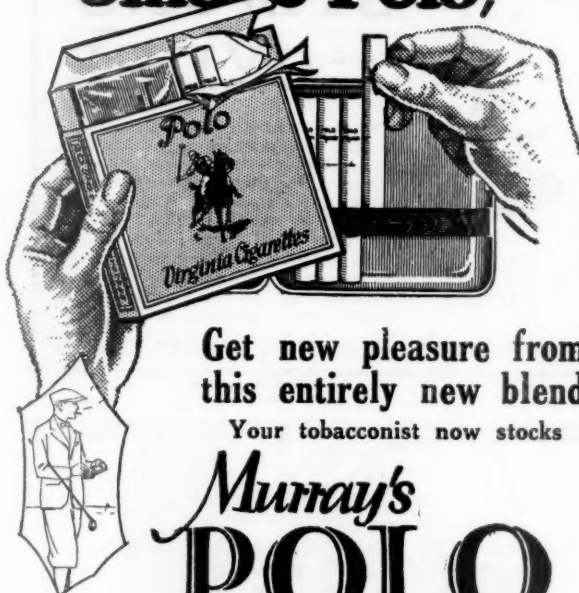
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HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

THE Crimean War. 25th October, 1854: The Battle of Balaklava

The order was given for the Light Brigade, six hundred men, to charge the Russian Artillery. The task was impossible of success, to charge meant certain death; but the six hundred, as one man, advanced into the jaws of the Russian guns. The order to charge had been a mistake.

The incident has been immortalized in Tennyson's poem. This poem thrilled us in childhood, but when we read it to-day! Is it a little over-familiar that it fails to stir us as once it did? Or, wiser and wearier since the Great War, do we think not so much of the glory of heroics as of their cost and their result? The Charge was magnificent, but it availed nothing. It should never have been made.

To provide for your dependants and for your own future shows proper feeling, and may mean considerable sacrifice. But if the manner of making provision is wrong—if, for example, an investment proves unfortunate—your sacrifice will be just as profitless as that of the Light Brigade. You make no mistake, however, if you provide by means of an ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICY, with Profits, in

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The Chair will be taken by SIR GEORGE WYATT TRUSCOTT, BART.

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